

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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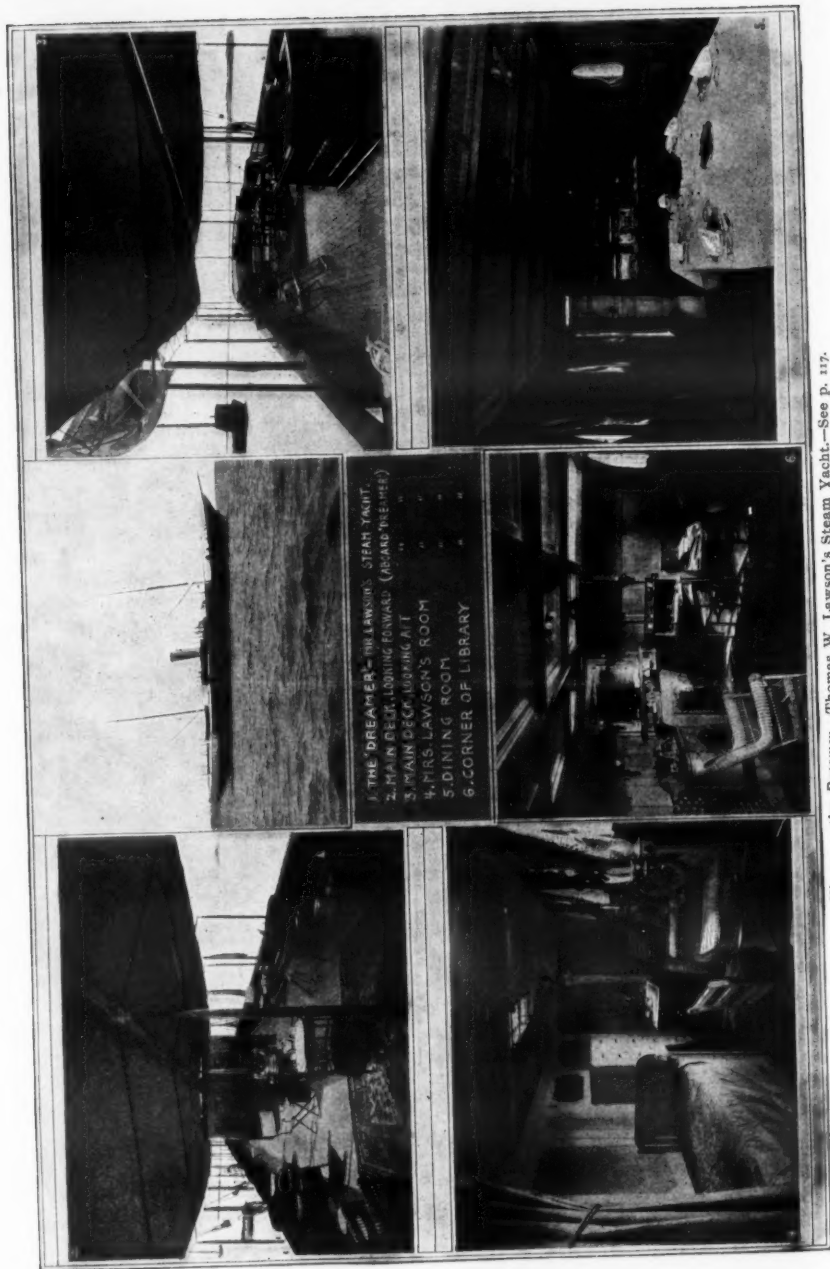
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AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE



MALACHI NOLAN

BY
BRAND WHITLOCK

Author of "The Thirteenth District," etc., etc

MALACHI NOLAN sat by the roller-top desk in the front window of his saloon. The desk was unopened, for Malachi seldom had occasion to use it. The only letters he ever wrote were to whisky houses in Peoria or Louisville, and then the process was a painful one. His mighty haunches completely filled the chair, which, in turn, completely filled the space railed off in front of the partition that screened the bar. The saloon was in a basement in Dearborn Street, and, to get to it, you had to go down four stone steps, hollowed by countless feet in the long years he had kept there. Outside, over the door, a long, black sign bore his simple device—M. Nolan.

Malachi Nolan sat with his back to the window. His cropped gray hair showed his red scalp, the hard red skin on his face was closely shaven and shone on the points of his heavy jaw. In the round hole at the corner

of his broad mouth was one of the long succession of cigars that had worn away the hole, sending up its perpetual incense. He never removed the cigar and seldom puffed it. It seemed to smoke of its own volition, and lasted a long time. When it consumed itself, Malachi replaced it with another. No one had ever seen him without a cigar in that hole at the side of his mouth. When he moved his thin lips to speak, the cigar would stand out rigidly between his teeth. He spoke with his teeth clinched. He was in his shirt sleeves, and his shirt was clean and fresh, for he changed his linen daily, just as he shaved himself, relentlessly, every morning with a dull razor. On his glossy shirt front a great diamond, four carats in weight, sparkled leisurely as his enormous chest slowly rose and fell with his heavy breathing. This diamond was the central jewel of his alderman's gold star, presented by con-

stituents years before. The setting was so contrived that the stone could be unscrewed and made to serve as a stud. Malachi seldom wore the star, unless he went to a fire, or to a prize fight across the Indiana line, or to the Olympic theatre, or got drunk.

As he sat there in his warm saloon on this raw March morning, Malachi read his paper, read it carefully and slowly, first the front page, column after column, then the second page, and so on, methodically, through all the pages, except the editorials, which he skipped. His lips moved slightly as he read, for he had to pronounce the words to himself in order to get their full meaning. He read his paper thus every morning of his life, and his paper was all he ever did read.

Malachi sat this morning, as on every other morning of the year, heavy, imponderable and solemn. The hour was ten o'clock. It was too early for business to begin in that saloon so that the old bartender, who had been with Malachi for fifteen years, sat with his apron in his lap, against the whisky barrels that reached in rows from the slot machine back to the wooden stalls where many a campaign in the city council had been planned and its victory celebrated. The bartender was likewise reading a paper, the sporting news chiefly claiming his attention. By noon, aldermen and city hall employees would begin to drop in, and the place would liven up, but now the monotonous ticking of the Western Union clock on the wall could be heard all over the long room, and the big Maltese cat snoozed lazily on the bar.

Malachi was not feeling as well as usual this morning, though his exterior was as clean and calm as ever. A fever burned beneath his great waistcoat, and on coming down he had drunk a bottle of mineral water. The truth is, that the night before, Malachi had so far departed from the habit of his methodical life as to drink much whisky, a thing he had not done for years, ever since the occasion, in fact, when celebrating a re-election to the council, he had drunk so much that he was constrained to enter a barber shop in State Street, and terrorize the barbers by sticking all the razors in the floor, like a juggler he had seen playing with knives in a theatre. The gang had been in the saloon until three o'clock that morning. They had just passed an ordinance granting a new franchise to the Metropolitan Motor Company, and in one of the walnut stalls the bundle had been cut, as the phrase is. The gang had grown so hilarious, as it

always did on such occasions, that it had proposed a song by Malachi. Now, in his younger days, Malachi had been a great lad for song, and many a shindig in Bridgeport had he gladdened with his voice, but in the latter years it was seldom that he could be induced to exercise it. He would always plead his age and his flesh, and such was the solemnity of manner that had grown upon him with the years, that men in their sober hours never had the temerity to suggest anything so unbecoming his dignity. But on this night, heated by wine, and feeling, though they did not of course analyze the feeling, that so many improprieties had been committed that one more could not noticeably swell the score, they had been emboldened to demand a song. Malachi, standing by his own bar in his long frock coat and square-crowned stiff hat, twiddling his whisky glass just as if he were a casual visitor there, had resolutely shaken his head. But at two o'clock in the morning he had suddenly ordered the drinks for the house, and then, when the gang had given over all hope of his singing, save, perhaps, one or two who, deeper in their cups than the rest, had monotonously persisted in the invitation, he had spontaneously burst forth:

"Oh, Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?"

The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground. St. Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his colors can't be seen,

For there's a bloody law ag'in the wearin' of the green. I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand, And he said, 'How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?'"

And then the gang, unable to hold its enthusiasm, bellowed in chorus with the sadly cracked voice, which, nevertheless, retained the true old Irish lilt:

"She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,

They are hangin' men and women for the wearin' of the green."

They had sung it over and over, prolonging to a greater extent with each repetition the high note upon which in the song the word "men" falls. Once in tune, it was not so difficult to get Malachi to sing other songs, and he gave them, with the genuine flavor of the old sod, "Garryowen." The gang became uproarious when he reached the stanza:

"Johnny Connell's tall and straight,
And in his limbs he is complete,
He'll pitch a bar of any weight
From Garryowen to Thomond gate."

But the climax was reached when Malachi

from politics that spring, though his wary habit had kept him from taking the public into his confidence. He was rich, though not rich enough to give up saloonkeeping and become a contractor or a broker, and he had lately got the notion that he was growing old. But this successful politician who so long before had landed in New York a homesick emigrant, had one great ambition unfulfilled. It was the common ambition of the exile—to see his home once more. When first elected to the council, after toiling years to save enough for his first small saloon, he had found, in the sentimental manner of his race, his chief joy in the fact that it was in the character of an ex-alderman he could go home to Ireland. Fate, of course, with her usual irony, had embittered his joy; Molly had died that very spring, she had not been spared even long enough to see him take his seat in the council chamber behind the one pathetic floral piece his constituents had placed upon his desk, but had left him to sit beside the candles at her wake, with lonesome little Nora crying at his knee. He felt that he had earned a rest. He had worked hard, mastered the intricate details of the Water Office and the special assessment bureau, he had done his part in making a town of wooden sidewalks a city of steel and stone, he had never betrayed his party or his friend. As for certain of his methods, well—if he thought of them at all—they were direct, and they won. So now that Nora was grown and had finished her education at St. Aloysius, he had decided to retire and take her with him on the long-dreamed-of trip back to Ireland—Ireland, where it was really spring that morning. But he wished to retire gracefully, to name his own successor before he went, and how could he do this with the reformers making the fight of their lives against him? It would take Malachi Nolan some time to decide a question like that. He must think. Nora was young; after all, another term would make little difference; if he concluded to give some more lessons in practical politics to the reformers, she could take some more lessons on the piano.

Meanwhile, like a wise statesman, Malachi Nolan set about his day's work. He had enough to keep him busy, so, drawing out his gold watch he carefully compared it with the clock, grasped the hour, arose deliberately, settled his ponderous body on his thick legs, and withdrew behind the parti-

tion. When he emerged to view again he was wrapped in his frieze overcoat, with his square-crowned hat pulled down to his eyebrows, ready for his morning visit to the city hall.

His progress over the great building was constantly impeded by men who stepped out of the rushing throngs of lawyers and lawyers' clerks, city employees, court officials and politicians to shake hands with him, to whisper to him. He halted each time in a way that did not impair his Hibernian dignity, heard them with gravity, and walked on. He went to the Water Office to see why young Hennessey had been laid off, to the Civil Service Commission to find out what opportunities the sixty-day list afforded, to the Commissioner of Public Works to have some laborers put on the pay roll, to the Board of Election Commissioners to give in a list of certain constituents he desired to have appointed as extra clerks during the spring rush of work, he dropped in on the chief of police to get Murphy on the force, he saw the city clerk about a good fellow who had to be taken care of, he even followed the long hall to the courthouse wing, where he whispered an instant to Judge Peters and had a friend excused from the jury.

And then he called on the mayor. A lieutenant of police, in gold stripes and stars, the velvet cuffs of his blue coat scrupulously brushed, was just going in. When the officer came out, the big policeman standing guard at the door raised his hand in a semi-military salute, and he kept a finger at his forehead until Malachi entered, thus declaring his abiding faith in the alderman's political star, and his concern for his own official one.

The mayor sat at his great, square desk, with that look of nervous weariness Chicago gives the faces of its successful men, though the morning was young and the day's strain scarce begun.

"Well, Alderman," he said, with a sigh, "what can I do for you?"

"Misther May'r," said Nolan, "I come fer to ask a favor."

The shade of weariness under the mayor's eyes enveloped his brow, although he tried to wipe it out with his palm. Everybody came every day to ask favors.

"Now, Alderman," he said, turning away fretfully, "I know. Please don't ask me to interfere in your fight this spring. I'll promise to keep hands off and leave you alone. Ain't that enough?"

"Who said annything about my fight?" said Malachi. "It's time enough to saay good-marnin' to th' devil whin ye meet 'im, Jawn."

The mayor looked a bit relieved, and turned toward Malachi with half a smile.

"Excuse me, Alderman, I supposed, of course—— But what can I do for you?" He repeated his formula.

Malachi seated himself, and dangling his hat between his knees, he said:

"They's a laad from my waard in the Bridewell, Jawn, an' he's a mother who's wallop'in' a washboard be th' daay an' night fer to make a livin'. His name's James McGlone, an' I'm afther a paardon fer 'im."

The mayor scowled. "What's he in for?"

"Damned if I know," said Malachi; "he's all the time in wan schrape or anither with some o' thim bla'gyaards down there."

The mayor was turning a long blue pencil over and over, end for end, between his white fingers, making a series of monotonous little tappings on his desk.

"Can't you wait till after election?" he said, at last.

"His time'll be served out befoore that," said Malachi, "an' p'hat good'll a paardon do 'im thin?"

The mayor continued the thoughtful tapping with his long, blue pencil.

"Well, Alderman," he said after a while, "I'd rather not issue any pardons before election, if I can help it. These reformers are goin' to raise hell this spring, sticking their noses into everybody's business, and ——"

Malachi's little eyes contracted until their blue twinkle was almost hidden.

"But, Jawn," he said, "so much the more r'ason why ye'll want the Firsht in th' convintion."

"Oh, well," said the mayor, "if it's important——" And he pressed a button under his desk. Before his secretary appeared he added:

"You say you don't know what he's in for?"

"I dinnow," Malachi replied, "Mallett sint him up befoore I could git over."

"You ought to watch those things more closely, Alderman," chided the mayor, peevishly.

Malachi Nolan sat at twilight with a glass of hot toddy on the leaf of his desk, and he sipped it with heavy sighs, for he had taken cold out in the March weather, with pores

opened by the relaxations of the night before. Through his windows he could see the lights glimmering in the rain that had followed the moist snow of the early morning, and thousands of feet trudging by under rolled-up trousers or skirts held ankle high. At intervals the feet would line up along the curb waiting for North Side cable cars, and seeing them paddle in the dirty slush, Malachi in the selfish spirit of contrast, more than ever coddled in the warmth of the room, of the toddy over which he smacked his lips, and of the cigar he smoked so slowly and comfortably. As he sat and smoked and sipped, he thought again of Limerick—the breath of spring blows the fragrance of the hawthorne, white upon the bough; he hears the song of the mavis; he is walking homeward along the black path through the bog, and up the green boreen, and there before him is the little cottage, its thatch held down by sticks and stones, a long ash pole propping up its crumbling gable; there is the mud shed with the thills of the old cart sticking out of it; the donkey is standing by, sad as ever; and up the muddy lane little Annie in her bare feet is driving the cows to the byre; and then he sees his mother sitting in the low doorway, all at once he catches his first whiff of the peat smoke, and with the strange spell that odors work upon the memory, it makes him a boy again; again he is sheltered on a rainy day in the mud shed, playing shoot-marbles with Andy Corrigan and Jerry O'Brien; again he is in the little chapel with the leaky roof; he sees all the boys and girls—Mary Cassidy among them—standing on the bare clay floor; he brings his bit of stone to kneel on during mass, he even runs out for a piece of slate to give to Mary, who lays it in the puddle at her feet and spreads her handkerchief over it before she kneels. And when the mass is over, he will take little Nora—little Nora? He placed his hand to his forehead in confusion, and then in a gasp it all comes over him—Mary is old, Andy and Jerry are old, little Annie is old and he is old—they are all gone away. He bowed his head.

And yet Nora yearned to go. Should he turn the ward over to Brennan and take her this spring? He could run for the legislature when he came back in the fall; a senator would be elected by the next General Assembly, and the graft would be very good then. The compromise attracted Malachi, for at once it acquitted him of indecision, a quality of statesmanship he hated, and kept

for him the life of power that had become as the very breath of his nostrils. He would have been happy but for this stuffy cold, and even as it was he smacked his lips and fetched a long sigh, as he put down the glass.

And then the door opened, and a chill, wet wind blew in, causing him to start up out of his chair. He looked to see who it was that thus broke upon his reveries—and it was a woman! Now, a woman had never been in Malachi Nolan's place before. It was a thing he could never tolerate, if he could ever imagine it even, and he hastily glanced around to see how many men were at the bar, and who they were. His face showed positive alarm. But the woman entered. She was accompanied by a boy, who slouched in behind her, shutting the door at her solicitous command, and halted there, hanging his head. His eyes shifted suspiciously under the hat brim that shadowed his fallow, prematurely wrinkled face; his lips curled in an evil sneer that seemed habitual.

The woman fluttered her shawl about her shoulders, clutched it to her thin breast with one hand, while the other she stretched forth with a blessing, as it were, for Malachi, and as she spoke, her seamed and scarred old Irish face, bleached in the steam of many wash-days and framed in withered black bonnet strings, glowed with the light of mother-love.

"Praise be, Mal'chi Nol'n," she began, in a high voice that immediately stilled the clinking of glasses and the laughter behind the partition, "May God bless ye—ye're th' foinest man in th' whole town! To think of yer l'avin' th' laad out th' way ye did—an' so soon afther me havin' th' impidence to ask ye, too—shure a mither's blessin' an' th' blessin' of th' Vargin'll be on ye fer gettin' th' paardon fer 'im. Shtep up here, Jamey, an' t'ank Mither Nol'n yersilf—he's th' best man——"

"Aw, tut, tut, tut, now, Misthress McGlone," said Malachi, his face flaming with something more than the exertion of craning his neck to peer behind the partition, "tut, tut, now, don't be goin' on like that."

But the woman, brave in the one subject upon which she could dispute the alderman, persisted:

"Shure, Mal'chi Nol'n, ye know it yersilf—shtep up here, Jamey, an' make yer t'anks to 'im. Th' laad's a bit bashful, ye must excuse 'im, sor, he's th' best b'y ever

lived, though it's mesilf says it p'hat oughtn't to."

The boy still hung back, but the old woman hitching up the shawl that was shamelessly revealing the moth-eaten waist she wore, plucked him by the sleeve, and dragged him to the rail that separated them from Malachi. The boy jerked away from his mother's grasp, yet lifted his unsteady eyes for an instant to blurt out:

"Well, I'm much obliged, see?"

And then, as if ashamed of so much politeness, he hung his head and squeezed the toe of his shoe between the spokes of the railing. The old woman folded her arms in the shawl and gazed on him with a fond smile that showed the few loose, yellow teeth that always wobbled in their gums when she spoke. Presently she turned to Malachi again:

"Ye mustn't think haard o' him, Mither Nol'n, he's a bit back'ard shp'akin' to th' loikes o' ye, ye möind, but he's a good b'y, an' he'd never got into throuble if it hadn't been for this bad comp'ny he be's dhragged into. Shure he niver shtays out later'n tin o'clock o' noights widout tellin' me p'here he's been. This afternoon Oi was shcrubbin' awaay all alone, an' who should come in all o' a suddint but him, bless th' b'y, an' saay, 'Ma,' he says, 'Alderman Nol'n got me a paardon an' Oi——'"

"That's all right, Misthress McGlone——"

"An' God'll bless ye, sor," the old woman broke in, unable to restrain the flood of tears that filled her filmy eyes and zigzagged down her cheeks. She cried softly a moment, then suddenly looked up in a crafty, cunning way.

"They's wan thing, Mither Nol'n," she said, "some wan was so good," she looked all about to make sure that none was within hearing, and lowered her voice to a rough whisper, "as to sind me a ton o' coal in a pushcaart th' day. Oi wonder now who could that be?"

The alderman raised his heavy face with fine innocence.

"Where did it come from?" he asked.

"Mither Degnan's yaards," the woman answered.

"Thin I suppose 't was Jim Degnan himsilf sint it."

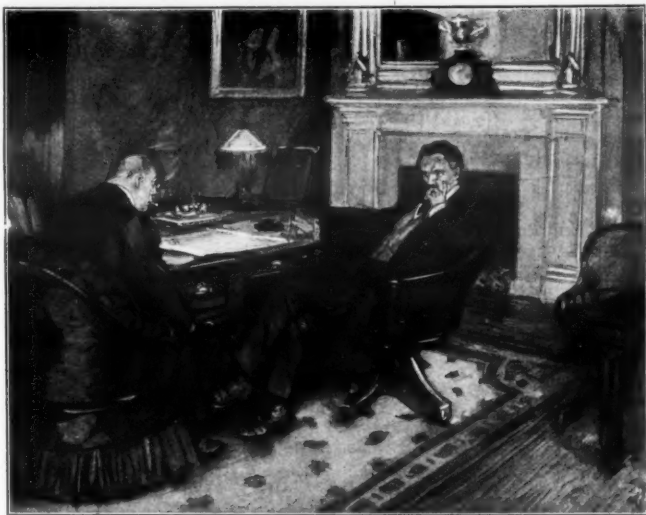
"Aw there now!" the old woman cried, with the triumph of a vindicated prophet. "Oi knowed ye'd saay that, Oi knowed ye'd saay that—but, shure Oi think 't was yersilf done it."

"L'ave off, l'ave off, now," said Malachi,

almost roughly, "'tis no place, do ye mind, fer a woman, an' no place fer th' laad.'" He gave the boy a penetrating glance that made the shifting eyes fall suddenly. "'An' 'tis late—did ye come down on th' caar?'"

The old woman's tears running down her cheeks had left stains of dirt in the wrinkles, and she began plucking at something under

good man, now, Oi've kep' up th' insurance an' there'll be enough to give me a dacent bur'al whin Oi die. Ye'll excuse me fer"—she stretched a hand from the shawl and touched him on the shoulder—"fer runnin' on loike this, but Oi couldn't shlaape th' noight till Oi'd come down to thank ye—God bless ye, sor, Oi'll pray fer ye every



"Well, Alderman, I'd rather not issue any pardons before election, if I can help it."

her shawl. Presently she drew forth a handkerchief folded in a soft little white square, fresh and clean from the iron, and shaking it out she dabbed at her weak old eyes and wiped away the tear stains. Her voice was a whisper again

"Aw, Misther Nol'n," she began, "it's been a haard winther on the poor, an' Oi've had to save th' pinnies, shure they're scarce enough, an' th' laad with no job an' me a poor widow woman. God forgive me"—her voice sank still lower, and into the whisper came a hard, rebellious note—"but some noights Oi've gone without me supper—"

"But why didn't ye tell?" asked Malachi, looking up in concern.

"Oi'd die first!" she whispered, hoarsely, while her wet eyes blazed. "It'll niver be said Oi'm a beggar, an' Oi wouldn't have tould anny wan but you, sor"—she gave him a coaxing smile through her tears, and bent her head to one side in a way that seemed to recall her girlhood—"an' maybe, sor, ye'd not saay annything 'bout it—there's a

noight. We'll be goin' now." She took a step toward the door, but turned back again, with that pleading inclination of the head, that smile, showing her long, wabbling teeth.

"Ye must excuse me, sor," she said, "fer throublin' ye so, but ye're a koind, saft-hearted man—ye couldn't git th' laad a job now—shure Oi know ye couldn't—he's an hones' b'y an' a willin' worker, sor, whin he can git annything to do—ye must excuse me, sor."

Malachi was deeply chagrined. He actually got up and peeped again around the corner of the partition, and then said hastily, so as to close a painful and scandalous incident:

"Let th' b'y come down an' see me in th' marnin', ma'am, an' here's a bit o' caar fare fer ye. Do ye go now an' take th' caar home. 'Tis a long waays fer ye to walk, ye niver ought a done it."

The old woman objected at first, but finally consented to accept the coin on the basis of

a loan, and then, blessing him again and again, courtesied herself in an old-fashioned, rheumatic way out of the door. And Malachi tilted up his glass and drained the last drop. The toddy had grown quite cold.

The law of moral reaction sent the gang home early that evening, and by ten o'clock it was plain that the day's work was done. Malachi had the bartender help him on with the frieze overcoat, and was adjusting his hat to a skull that still was sore, when the door opened. Malachi turned with a scowl, when the draught struck him, and saw Sullivan, the ward committeeman, and Brennan, Malachi's political residuary legatee. Brennan's eyes were sparkling merrily, his red face was round with laughter, and he came in with a breeze like the March day.

"Hello, Mal'chi," he called, smiting the bar with the thick of his fist, "ain't goin' home, are you? It's just the shank of the evening. What'll you have?" Then, as one who likes to think he has special privileges, he said to the bartender aside: "Give's a nice little drink of whisky."

Malachi neither moved nor spoke. Brennan felt his coldness and flashed the intelligence to Sullivan.

"Just saw Jim Degnan," he said, grasping the sweating whisky bottle.

"You did, did you?" said Malachi, in a challenging tone.

"Yes," said Brennan, determined to be genial. "He tells me you're goin' back to Ireland in the spring."

"He does, does he?" again challenged Nolan.

"Didn't you tell 'im?"

"If I did, did I tell 'im what spring?"

"Well, I s'posed of course he meant this spring?"

Brennan bent over to measure his drink and to hide some confusion. "And I thought—you know what you said, Mal'chi—I was goin' to have Mike here call the convention and round up the nomination——"

"Th' hell you was! Th'—hell—you—was!" Malachi's growing amazement lengthened the pauses between his words.

"Why, didn't you say you'd t'row the nomination to me when you quit?"

Brennan's color deepened to an angry red.

"Did ye iver see such narve!" said Malachi, ignoring the question. "Mike'll call th' convintion fer soon enough, but whin I'm not a candypate in me own waard, I'll tell ye mesilf, Willum Brennan."

"Well, don't get mad about it, Mal'chi," said Brennan, who was getting mad himself. He shoved the bottle on to Sullivan, and blinked his small eyelids a moment. "Of course, Mal'chi, it's just as you say."

"Well, now, ye're talkin', Willum." Malachi never could brook anything like interference in his ruling of the First Ward. "Whin I'm done, ye can have th' nomynation, same's I told ye, but this spring I'm a candypate mesilf, do ye mind that now?" He drew closer to the bar in his softened humor, and now that the question at last had been decided, and in the only way it could have been decided, he suddenly became himself again.

"When do you want the convention called for, Mr. Nolan?" asked Sullivan.

"Sathurday," replied Malachi, promptly.

"Where?"

"Oh, same as usual—in the back ind of th' place here." Malachi jerked his thick thumb toward the rear end of the saloon, where the gloom was deep. "Prim'ries fer Friday."

"All right," said Sullivan.

Then no one spoke for a while. Finally, however, Brennan said, in a hesitating way:

"If you're goin' back to the council, Mal'chi, what's the matter with me takin' the legislative nomination in the district?"

"It's time enough to saay good-marnin' to th' devil whin ye meet 'im, Willum."

There was silence again, until Brennan said:

"Well, I can't help thinkin' it's a fine trip to Ireland you're losin'."

"'Tis so," assented Malachi.

"Yes," sighed Brennan. And he saw his ambition pass from him. But presently he was saying in his old, cheery tone:

"Ain't you goin' to take somethin'?"

Malachi leaned his big body against his bar, and over his shoulder, out of the corner of his mouth, he said:

"Seegaar."

The bartender slid the box along the counter and rang up another ten cents on the cash register.

"Well, here's lookin' at you," said Brennan, raising the little tumbler.

"Dhrink hearty," said Malachi Nolan.

The long day was done, and Malachi, in shirt sleeves and stockinged feet, sat in his big plush rocking-chair, his legs stretched out before him, taking his ease at his own hearth. When he had come home at mid-

night, Nora, who always sat up for him, had insisted upon brewing him a cup of tea, under the impression, common to a certain class of women, that it has great medicinal qualities. Malachi had sipped it obediently, though he had not cared for it after all the mineral waters he had drunk that day, and had enjoyed far more than the tea the freckled Irish face of his daughter, as he gravely goggled at her over the rim of the saucer into which he had poured the beverage to cool it. They were in what Malachi called the parlor of their flat, though Nora had lately taken to calling it the drawing-room. It was furnished mostly in pieces upholstered in plush. Over the mantelpiece hung a large crayon portrait of a woman whose face, despite the insipidity the canvassing artist had given it, still showed the toil she had endured, if it told little of her strong character, while that disregard for expense which was expressed in the gilt frame marked it as a memorial of the dead. It was, of course, the face of Malachi's wife, and when Nora, in her new culture, had hinted at hanging it in his bedroom, she had, for the first time in her life, quailed before that stubborn spirit with which her father ruled the First Ward. The few books on the center table mostly treated of the religion of Rome, and the chromos on the wall were of Catholic subjects, though there were one or two etchings in oaken frames. In a corner was a crucifix with a dusty candle before it. But the one object in the room that dominated all the rest with its aggressive worldliness, was an upright piano, and Nora now sat swinging on the stool, her back to the instrument, her elbows behind her on the keys. She had partly prepared for bed, for she wore a flannel wrapper and her brilliant black hair hung in a braid down her back. Celtic blue eyes lighted up her face, and now they smiled under their long, black lashes upon this big saloonkeeper whom half the city feared, as if the simple sight of him were reward enough for her lone hours of waiting.

Malachi finished his cup of tea and hurriedly inserted a cigar in the hole at the corner of his mouth, and thus confirmed in comfort, he said:

"Nora, child, do ye sing now—p'hat was that—it wint hummin' t'rough me head th' daay. Well, well, well, let me see now—hum-m-m-m—it goes something like—"

And he hummed a quavering old tune:

"I saw the Shannon's purple flood
Flow by the Irish town."

Then he stopped and shook his grizzled head. "Shure, now, I'm forgettin' it intirely, ye know, though, somethin' about:

"Whin down the glin rode Sarsfield's min,
And they wore the jackets green."

"Sing it onct, fer th' ould man."

"But, father," the girl laughed, though she began screwing up the piano stool, "it's too late, the neighbors will object."

"Niver mind th' neighbors," commanded the alderman in the tone he used at a primary, "sing ut."

"But it's forbidden in the lease after ten o'clock," the girl protested, leaving over her music. "What if the landlord—"

"It's time enough to saay good-mornin' to th' devil, Nora, whin ye meet 'im."

Nora fixed herself on the stool, fingered the keys, finding a soft minor chord. The old man closed his eyes, slid farther down in his plush chair, and just as he was prepared to listen, she suddenly stopped in the provoking way amateur musicians cultivate, to say:

"But, father, that's such an old song, wouldn't you rather I'd sing the Intermezzo from 'Cavalerie'?"

Malachi opened his eyes with a start and sat bolt upright.

"Naw," he said, "none o' thim fur'n op'res—p'hat's the use of yer goin' to th' convint all those years?" But his voice quickly softened. "Do ye go on now, Nora, darlin', there's a good gur-rl."

And so she sang, and the alderman sank in his chair, with his big arms in their shirt sleeves thrown over his head, closed his eyes again, stretched out his stockinged feet. The smoke from his cigar ascended to the chandelier, and now and then when he remembered the words of a line, he hummed them behind closed lips, in unison with his daughter. When the song was done Nora whirled around, clasped her hands in a schoolgirl's ecstasy and said:

"Oh, father, that song makes me homesick—homesick for a place I never saw. You won't run again, will you, father, will you? And we'll go to Ireland in the spring, won't we? Tell me, in the spring?"

A pain struck through Malachi Nolan's heart, a pain that was made only more poignant when, with her American fear of the sentimental, Nora joked:

"I must see our ancestral cabin."

Malachi could not open his eyes. For once he was afraid. He did not move for a

long time. But at last he sighed and set his jaw, and said:

"Well, Nora—if ye saay so—in the spring."

Malachi Nolan sat bolt upright in his seat in the Pullman. He was clothed in his decent black suit, and he wore his black cravat tucked stiffly under the collar that so tightly bound his thick, red neck. On his glossy shirt front the great diamond, four carats in weight, rose and fell with his heavy breathing. At his feet was a new yellow valise; beside him, wedging him tightly into his seat, was Nora's luggage, her new bag, the roll of steamer rugs, her little umbrella, her plaid cape, and all the things she had got at the suggestion of friends who were interested in her journey across the sea to Ireland. Nora, in her new traveling gown, was prettier than Malachi had ever seen her. She sat in the front seat of the section, leaning against the double window, her elbow on its narrow sill, her chin meditatively in her palm. There had been some talk between them as the heavy train pulled out of the Van Buren Street Station, and in the bustle of getting away, of arranging her bags and her bundles, and all that, Nora had beamed with pleasure, and a fine and happy excitement had sparkled through the long, black lashes of her blue, Irish eyes. But as the train plunged recklessly out through the bewildering yards, she had noticed her father casting wistful glances at this or that familiar object sweeping so swiftly and irrevocably away. There was the Harrison Street police station which he had visited on so many mornings to help some poor devil out of the toils; the shops shutting down for the night, their workers trooping homeward, dead tired after the long hours; the Twelfth Street Viaduct, marking the limits of his ward; the slips in the south branch of the dirty Chicago River, where big schooners still lay torpid at their winter moorings, the crossings at Sixteenth Street, then the dear old Archey Road. A silence had fallen upon him that reacted upon her, and she grew still, and rode on in the swaying train, gazing soberly out upon the ragged edges of that Chicago she was leaving behind for the first time in her life.

The black porter, in spotless white jacket, was going through the car with his stool, pulling down the inverted globes of the lamps with his ventilating stick and lighting the four little gas jets; the travelers in the

car were settling themselves accustomedly for the long ride to New York, there was even a prospect of some cheer in the dinner which was soon to be served in the dining-car, but the alderman seemed not to notice any of these things.

Malachi had never traveled much. His only trips had been those biennial ones to Springfield, when he had headed the First Ward's delegations to the state conventions, sometimes he had gone down there while the legislature was in session; and once he had journeyed to Washington with the Marching Club to attend the inauguration ceremonies. But that was all. On those trips he had gone with his own kind, and doubtless enjoyed them, but now, this evening, it was plain that he was not comfortable. He could not smoke, for one thing, and the round hole in the corner of his mouth looked forlorn in its present lack of a cigar. He must have thought, once or twice, of escaping to the smoking-room, but each time he had remembered Nora, and so had sat on, heavy, imponderable and solemn.

After a while the porter got the little lights to burning, and they illumed, though inadequately, the long coach, its heavy trappings, its bell cord, the suspended hats and wraps swaying from side to side, as it creaked and groaned over so many switches and curves and crossings to get out of town. They rushed by mills, with furnaces blazing like infernos in the gathering twilight, and black, stubby chimneys lighting the dull sky with flames; at last they were in the outskirts where the city helplessly degenerates into naked flat buildings, finally, into low cottages scattered here and there in little broken rows, with high board-walks in front of them.

Then Malachi, stooping painfully, unbuckled his new valise and took from it a newspaper. Before he unfolded it, he drew out his spectacles and calmly adjusted them to his nose. Then opening the paper, he began to read. He read carefully and slowly, first the front page, column after column, then the second page, and so on, methodically, through all the pages. His lips moved slightly as he read, for he had to pronounce the words to himself to get their full meaning. When Malachi had read to the last line of the last column of the last page of his newspaper, he did not fold and lay it aside. He turned back to the first page and studied the picture there. It was the daily cartoon, and the central figure was intended for Malachi himself. That there could be no

question of identity, the prudent artist had labeled it "Bull Nolan." The figure was one that Malachi had seen in the papers, in varying situations, for years, with the aldermanic paunch, the massive chain and charm, the bullet head, the stubble of hair, the bell-crowned hat, the braided plaid clothes, broad-soled shoes and checkered spats, the briskly radiating lines to symbolize the diamond. But at last the inevitable cigar had gone out, the First Ward no longer peeped on a ballot, secure and safe, from his vest pocket. The gentleman with high hat, side whiskers, gloves and cane, who, labeled "Citizen," obviously impersonated the better element, had it now, and while he was still serene and self-contained, there was a look of calm, almost holy triumph in his face.

Malachi studied the cartoon a long time, never changing expression. But even when he finished he did not fold the paper carefully and put it back in his valise, nor bestow his spectacles in his waistcoat pocket. He had suffered many lapses in his methodical habits of late, and they were growing easy now. He turned to the editorial page, where a line in big types, heading a leading editorial, had caught his little eye. It said: "The Passing of Malachi Nolan." Malachi began to read, slowly and carefully, pronouncing each word to himself:

"Citizens not only of the First Ward, but of the entire city, are to be congratulated upon the signal victory the Municipal Reform League has won in its campaign against Malachi Nolan. This man, who so long has misrepresented the ward mentioned in the city council, has at last been dislodged, and driven to the obscurity of private life, where his pernicious and dangerous tendencies, if not altogether abated, will at least be confined to a narrower sphere of activity. In announcing his retirement from politics, he gives as a reason his desire to pay a visit to his native land, but the public, while speed-

ing his departure, will readily penetrate the gauzy excuse he advances for it. They know that he has been forced to fly from a field rendered utterly untenable by the onslaughts of those public-spirited gentlemen who at great personal sacrifice have so freely contributed of their means, their energies and their time to the work of the Municipal Reform League, and to them and the press they will ascribe the credit and the praise. It would seem, however, that the Honorable Bull Nolan has lost none of his presumption, for he insolently declares that he leaves as his personal representative and successor in the aldermanic chair one of his henchmen, William Brennan. But the people will take care of Mr. Brennan at the proper time. They will see to it that Nolan's successor shall not be a man whose political methods are such as will enable him to take vacation trips in Europe, and with the abundant encouragement they have now received, will continue to widen this breach already made in the walls of corruption and dishonesty and carry on the splendid work for good government and honest politics——"

Malachi did not read any further. The lights in the car were poor, after all, and then, his eyes were not as good as they used to be. He folded the paper carefully, looked all about, then hid it at last behind him. Then he bestowed his spectacles in his waistcoat pocket, and, like Nora, looked out of the window. They had gone through South Chicago, they had passed One-hundredth Street. They looked out now upon the dull prairies that sprawled flat all about them, with no sign of spring as yet, but dead and desolate, broken only by a black and stunted tree here or there. At wide, wide intervals a lonely gas lamp twinkled bravely in a legal way as if to preserve the prescription of what was only technically a street. The prairies stretched away until they faded into the gray gloom of the March evening, and they had left Chicago at last behind.



The River Front of St. Louis.
View of the Levee from the Eads Bridge.

ST. LOUIS

By EARL W. MAYO

THERE is one thing observable in St. Louis that particularly impresses the visitor if he be a New Yorker. It is a detail of the street cars, and its importance appeals to him as soon as he leaves the tremendous railway station, which in itself is a revelation of combined comfort and beauty that rouses the envy of the visitor from whatever city. The St. Louis street cars are constructed with rear platforms about twice as deep as those on which the New Yorker or the Chicagoan rides when at home. Across the middle of this platform, extending to the step on one side, and with just sufficient space to enable one to pass between it and the gate on the other, is an iron railing about three feet in height. Passengers taking the car step on to the rear of this barrier and pass around behind it to reach the interior. Departing passengers go out on the forward side of the railing. Consequently, the inward and outward bound do not tread on each other's toes, punch each other's ribs or jab umbrellas and walking sticks into each other's eyes.

Life is made heaven or hell by little things. We all, who have had experience,

know what it is made by the street car system of New York or Chicago or Philadelphia or some other large cities. In this particular St. Louis may well represent the other side of the comparison. It is a bit of detail, that rear-platform railing, but it is a powerful promoter of decency and good manners. And so, just as a single line running down the side of a man's nose may tell the whole story of his life and conduct, so the railing on the rear platform of the street car is an important clue in studying the character of the great city of the trans-Mississippi section.

St. Louis is a Western city, and we have been taught that the predominant word in the vocabulary of the West is "hustle," that its citizens are all engaged in a mad scramble for the millions which will enable them to remove to the East and end their days in luxury and nervous prostration; that business methods are not too scrupulous, financial enterprises usually nebulous, social courtesies confined to chats over backyard fences and art and literature unknown. To one who has imbibed these impressions from the barnyard novelists, St. Louis is a com-

plete education. There is far less aimless rushing about among the crowds on a St. Louis street than either in New York or Chicago—and far more fixity of purpose. Likewise, the capitalist undertakings of this Western town are recognized as being among the most conservative and energetic in the country. Moreover, it is one of the few American cities where music is cultivated for its own sake.

St. Louis is a city of good manners. In New York, if a stranger ventures to inquire the way, the citizen mistakes him for an alms-seeker and rushes on; in Chicago he is told brutally to tell his troubles to a policeman. In St. Louis, on the other hand, the native will walk a block, if necessary, the better to set the visitor on his way. It would not be fair any more than it would be safe to say that individual by individual the residents of St. Louis are more polite than those of other cities, but the street manners of St. Louis certainly are more pleasant than those of New York or Chicago.

So far as St. Louis may be said to resemble any other American city, it is like Philadelphia in external appearance. Both follow the lines of a curving river front; both are laid out on the same system of rectangular streets; both are built of brick and stone,

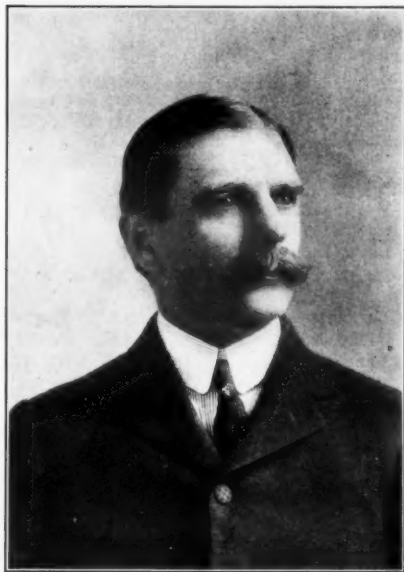
having no tenements, and with the greater number of their residences two-story brick affairs, occupied by one family only. In fact, the parallel may be traced beyond the mere matter of physical resemblance, for both cities have built their commercial importance upon manufacturing industries, and both combine characteristics of the northern and southern portions of the country in their make-up. In two other features the likeness might be continued; these are the climate and the water supply, both subjects with which it is well to deal but briefly in discussing either city.

While Chicago has boasted of being the most American of American cities, the title fits St. Louis far more accurately. There are plenty of reasons why this should be the case, why St. Louis should represent a fair mean between the gay hospitality of New Orleans and the cold reserve of Boston, why it should offer in effective combination the stability of New York and the pushful enterprise distinctive of the West. Many causes have combined to make the city which is the most nearly of all the great cities of the Union in the geographical center of the country also the most representative of the various characteristics which go to make up the modern twentieth-century, energetic,



The City Hall of St. Louis.

successful American. No other city can so logically lay claim to the title. Chicago is nondescript; New York, semi-European; Philadelphia, distinctly provincial; San Fran-



Hon. Rollo Wells.
The Reform Mayor of St. Louis.

cisco, breezily Western; New Orleans, decidedly Gallic, and Boston—— But who shall characterize Boston? St. Louis represents a composite average of them all. It was settled by the French. Later on it became the outfitting point for the exploring parties and fur-trading expeditions that penetrated the plains country, and still later it served in the same capacity for the crowds of gold seekers pressing overland to California in the golden days of '49. From each of these successive expeditions the city drew its quota of stalwart citizens. As it grew in size and importance the planters of Kentucky and Tennessee flocked to it, and this Southern pro-slavery element became the dominant political and social power in the days before the Civil War. At the same time the farmers of New England, New York and Pennsylvania began to move into Missouri and Kansas and Illinois, and their children, naturally enough, have been drawn to the city. By the natural logic of the country's development St. Louis has marked the meeting and commingling of North and

South, East and West, as has no other American city.

It is no modification of this fact to admit that St. Louis is a German-American city, for in many ways a closer comparison may be drawn between Americans and Germans than between any other two great nationalities.

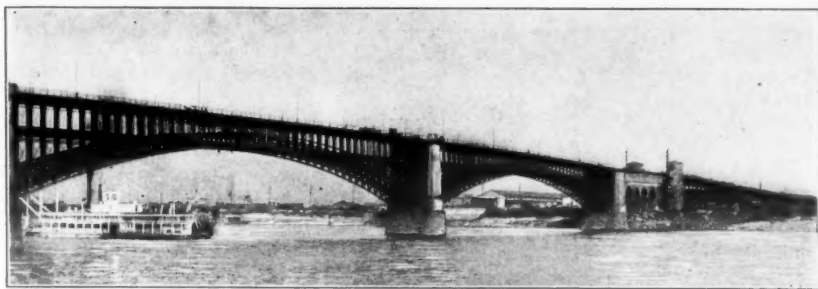
The essential Germanism of St. Louis may be seen plainly in the social and business life of the city, and in both it has exercised a beneficent influence, while it has been no hindrance to the homogeneity of the city's population. While there are German newspapers and schools and societies in St. Louis, there is no German "quarter," no foreign quarters of any kind, no section of the city in which the English language and American ideas do not prevail.

In girth and enterprise St. Louis is among the foremost cities of the country, but socially it still is only a large town. It has not advanced to a point where "society" has been made a profession by any of its citizens, or where good manners are considered the exclusive property of any one class. The limit of social undertakings is usually the neighborhood limit, and the unit of social enterprises is the family. It is not considered a drawback in St. Louis to know one's next-door neighbor, and it is a noticeable thing that men take their wives and children with them when they go to the theatre or to call on their friends, or even on trolley rides of warm summer evenings, when they go out to drink beer and listen to the music under the trees of one of the outlying resorts. This may not be fashionable, but it has compensating advantages.

The keynote of St. Louis' existence is a comfortable complaisance. The city cherishes no impossible ambitions. The structure of her material greatness more resembles the Cheops pyramid than the Eiffel tower. The citizens are content to let each day's achievement rest upon the solid foundation of yesterday's work. They take their pleasures, not sadly, but sedately. Actors say that it is more difficult to arouse enthusiasm in a St. Louis audience than in any other in the country except the fashionably critical kind that attends certain New York theatres. This is not because the St. Louis audience does not appreciate good acting, but because its phlegmatic Germanism prevents it from becoming exuberant. This Germanism reveals itself likewise in comfort of homes, in beauty of grounds and gardens, in the city's love of music, and in

the open-handed generosity with which public enterprises are supported. It does not provide an exhilarating atmosphere for the imaginative man, but it is a valuable civic asset.

dirt and smoke and clamor of a great manufacturing town. It is a city of brick and stone constructed with an eye chiefly to utility and comfort, but it possesses beautiful buildings, and many that are highly suc-



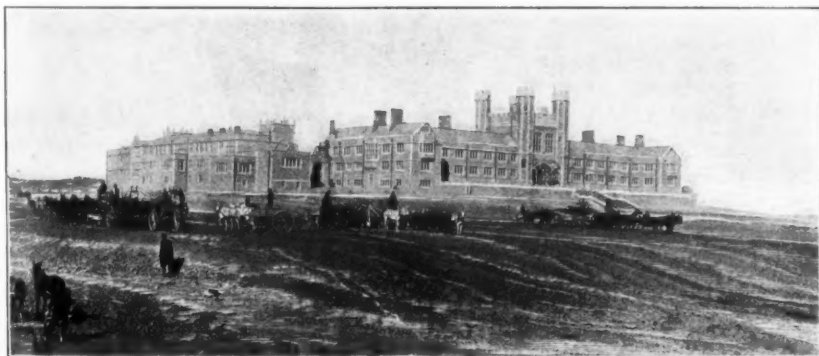
The Eads Bridge, at St. Louis.

Phlegmatism is far from being the equivalent of indifference. New York has suffered from civic indifference and has been made the victim of municipal rascality. The citizens were aroused by a highly emotional campaign to the point of becoming sufficiently interested to vote the rascals out. St. Louis has suffered from municipal misgovernment in equal measure with most other American cities. The citizens bore it stoically until election time came around. Then they quietly voted a business administration into power, without noise and without becoming over-excited. The difference is temperamental and it outcrops in a hundred different ways.

St. Louis is not a beautiful city, nor ever will be, but it contains a number of rarely beautiful spots. As a whole, it has all the

successful from the architect's point of view. Certainly it will be hard to find a building of more correctly classic proportions than the old courthouse, or an engineering achievement more pleasing to the eye than the Eads Bridge, while the great office buildings in the business section of the city offer many successful examples of the more recent style of business architecture.

St. Louis has solved the question of providing fine residence sections in an original manner. Instead of having a single show street, as is the case with most large cities, St. Louis has followed the plan of beautifying a number of sections in the city for residential purposes. These sections are restricted as to building privileges and are known locally as Places. A Place, in the St. Louis version of the term, is a branch



The New Buildings of the Washington University, at St. Louis.

street leading off from some main thoroughfare. It is entered through a handsome gateway and laid out usually in boulevard fashion, with a strip of grass carrying shade trees along the center, a driveway on either side, then sidewalks, then wide beautiful

remain at home, employing their brains and time, as well as their capital, for the further improvement of the city.

Perhaps this is the reason why St. Louis is such a generous city. That she is generous is beyond question. There has always existed among her citizens a praiseworthy readiness to assist any project that had for its object the betterment of the city, and there are many noble structures and valuable public institutions which owe their existence to the open-handed generosity of private individuals. Such an institution is Shaw's Garden, the most complete and thoroughly equipped botanical garden in the country, and a source of instruction and delight to the residents of the city. Shaw's Garden was really what its name implies, the garden of Mr. Henry Shaw, which he equipped and turned over to the city with ample provision for its maintenance. A gift from the same source was Tower Grove Park,



View in Shaw's Garden.

The best equipped botanical garden in the United States.

lawns enriched by trees and flower beds, the whole forming the setting for handsome and artistic residences. A certain amount of seclusion is obtained by this arrangement, as business traffic, of course, has little occasion to use these places. The best known of these are Vandeventer Place, Portland Place, Westmoreland Place and Washington Terrace. Here are many homes as beautiful and well-kept as one will find in any part of the country. They are the homes of the wealthy

undoubtedly the prettiest small park in the country, in which every variety of shrub and plant that will grow out of doors in this climate is included. Another instance in which the same spirit was evidenced was displayed recently when funds were desired for the erection of new buildings for Washington University and for the extension of the University's work. The University's funds were increased to nearly ten million dollars by the gifts of a number of wealthy men,

including the gift outright from Mr. Samuel Cupples and Mr. Robert Brookings of the magnificent property of Cupples Station, with a productive income of some \$250,000.

It is on the commercial side, however, that St. Louis chiefly astonishes the visitor from whatever part of the world he may be. Nobody east of the Mississippi really appreciates the business importance of St. Louis. The city has grown

so gradually and quietly; has wasted so little breath in proclaiming her own greatness, that it is difficult even for the well-informed American to keep pace with her remarkable commercial progress. Nor is it of much assistance to be told that St. Louis



Cupples Station.

The greatest wholesale shipping station in the world.

and prominent citizens of St. Louis, of whom there are many, for it is another of the characteristics of the city and one to which St. Louisans are fond of referring, that the men who make fortunes here do not go to New York or to Europe to spend them, but

is fourth in population among all the cities of the country, and foremost in such great lines of industry as the manufacture of boots and shoes or the distribution of chemicals, wholesale groceries and agricultural implements. It is perhaps more to the point to say that commercially and financially St. Louis is to the western half of the United States what New York is to the country as a whole.

It is worth while at this point to take down the map of the United States and study the location of St. Louis for a few minutes.

You will observe that the city is a couple of hundred miles to the east of the geographical center of the country and less than that distance west of the center of population. The latter, moving westward at each ten-year period, will rest, in the course of a few more decades, in the near vicinity of St. Louis.

You will observe, too, that the railway lines spread out like two fans from the city to the east and the west of the Mississippi. These railways run directly from St. Louis to twenty of the great producing states of the country, all within a day's journey, and containing collectively about half the wealth and population of the whole country.

To even a superficial examination, St. Louis reveals itself as the natural distributing point for the greater part of this section. To the southward there is no large city until New Orleans is reached; the whole great Southwest, with Oklahoma and Texas, a region the future productive possibilities of which only those who have visited it can imagine, is tributary to it; to the northwest the nearest great city is Chicago, 280 miles away, and to the west the nearest is Kansas City, almost an equal distance. St. Louis is built in the heart of the greatest food-pro-

ducing region on earth, a region which constantly demands and is destined to demand an immense amount of manufactured products. Fortunately, too, she is situated at the door of a great coal and ore-producing region, so that coal can be obtained by her

manufacturers cheaper than in any other city of the country. Leaving out of account entirely the trend of her ambition, it was inevitable that St. Louis should become a great distributing point and a great manufacturing center.

St. Louis has not hesi-

tated to adopt new methods for the carrying on of great business projects where these methods added to the convenience or facility of business transaction. For example, she has one institution which is unique and which is well worth the study of other cities. This is the great freight shipping and receiving establishment known as Cupples Station.

Cupples Station consists of a dozen great brick warehouses which are leased out in floors or buildings to the large wholesale grocery and hardware firms of the city. The chief advantage which it offers is in the matter of location. The buildings are ranged alongside the tracks over which all the railroads entering the city run their trains, and by means of switches freight cars can be run alongside or even beneath the buildings. The convenience of this arrangement for the handling of goods in large quantities is apparent. It does away with the necessity of trucking across the city, and with many of the other details of trans-shipping by ordinary methods. Goods received by any of the tenants of Cupples Station are unloaded from the cars and delivered at the door of the firm for whom they are destined by the Station management. Similarly, when the firm



Ex-Governor David R. Francis, Driving the First Stake of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis.

wishes to ship goods it has only to load them upon trucks and roll the latter to the platform outside the door. All the work of loading the goods upon cars, securing bills of lading and arranging the details of shipment is attended to by the employees, and each firm is assessed pro rata for the expenses of this service.

This is an application of the community-of-interest idea which has been in practical operation in St. Louis for several years. It has worked admirably, and it is safe to say that nowhere else in the world can goods be trans-shipped so easily, cheaply and rapidly as in this great warehousing establishment.

This is only one of the many original ideas in the conduct of business for which St. Louis is responsible. Another was evidenced a few years ago when a period of business depression threw many traveling salesmen out of positions. A company was formed in St. Louis, consisting of merchants, traveling men and dealers in the smaller cities throughout the Southwest. As these men were working together for the advantage of each, they naturally exerted themselves to the utmost, and the company has been very successful, now doing a very large and profitable annual business.

If anything were wanting to prove that St. Louis is characteristically American, the political house-cleaning which the city recently has been undergoing would prove the claim. Mayor Wells was put into office by a reform movement, and from the revelations that have been made it appears that the city would have profited if the movement had begun some years earlier. The investigations of a grand jury uncovered a system of organized corruption and robbery extending back ten years—as far as the investigation itself reached—and showed that the city had been plundered to the extent of millions of dollars. The results so far have been the indictment of several former officials, the precipitate departure of others who are now traveling for their health, and the moral conviction of others who are saved from jail by the operation of the three-year statute of limitations.

The story is one familiar to the residents of most of the larger American cities. New York has been through the same experience; so has Chicago, and it would be to the credit of some other municipalities if they would undertake the same vigorous course that St. Louis has started upon. Political indifference seems to have been as conspicuous a fault of the St. Louis citizens as of other

Americans, but it is an encouraging sign that they have determined to wash their entire accumulation of dirty linen no matter how large it may prove to be.

For more than a century St. Louis has gone her way quietly, growing steadily, expanding her sphere of influence constantly, gathering to her loins the sinews of great achievements. To-day she is no different from what she has been, except that she occupies the center of public interest, the recipient of mingled admiration and pity for undertaking a task that even friendly critics have pronounced impossible. At a time when we are assured that the era of expositions has closed, that people are weary of these great displays, St. Louis has determined to undertake a world's fair.

In this connection a word of explanation may not be inadvisable. In the face of the experience of her sister cities, in some instances profitable, in others discouraging, St. Louis did not say "Go to; we also will have a World's Fair," in any spirit of self-aggrandizement. There was no desire on the part of the people of St. Louis to boom their city or to attempt an enterprise of this magnitude and risk for the purpose of excelling any other city. There was a profound feeling that an event of such historical importance as the Louisiana Purchase, an event which added to the United States a territorial empire greater than the original extent of the country, and which exerted the most decided influence upon the power and destiny of the nation, should receive fitting commemoration. As the greatest city within the limits of the territory thus added to the Union, it was fitting that St. Louis should take the lead in arranging for the observance of this centennial anniversary. Many plans were broached, but in the end all save that of an exposition proved unavailable.

It was characteristic of St. Louis, however, that once having decided upon an exposition her citizens saw very clearly that it was necessary to make it the greatest of expositions, and set to work with a will with this end in view. As a consequence, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has a greater fund at its disposal than any of its predecessors.

The St. Louis World's Fair will be rich not only in money, but in ideas. At all previous expositions the displays have consisted chiefly of products; at St. Louis the aim will be to show processes wherever possible. Thus, while following a well-beaten track, St. Louis will be in no sense an imitator.

LUXURIES OF THE MILLIONAIRE

III—YACHTS

BY SAMUEL A. WOOD

SINCE the first ship of pleasure was designed for an English monarch, several centuries ago, yachting has been chiefly a royal sport in waters controlled by the hereditary princes of the Old World. In the great Democracy encompassed by the mightiest of the seas, where heredity does not count, yachting is still, at its best, a royal pastime, and may be indulged in only by Captains of Industry, who are occasionally veritable skippers, and other millionaires. The royal yacht of Queen Elizabeth, from

the standpoint of a modern marine architect, would be regarded as little more attractive than a respectable coast-wise trading schooner of to-day, compared with the craft in which American yachtsmen cruise in all the waters of the world. In the days when the wooden clipper won international glory for

the shipmakers of America there were few yachts that now would be called luxurious. The schooner *America*, winner of the famous cup that England has vainly striven to capture for nearly half a century, would be termed a plebeian craft by the gilt-laced yachtsmen of to-day, particularly those who own and cruise in the magnificent steam yachts that belong to the New York Yacht Club. When the *America* was the most resplendent Yankee pleasure vessel in commission there were no electric lights to brighten the cabins at night, no whirring fans to make living on awninged decks and wide-ported cabins comfortable in hot weather, no refrigerating plant to keep the champagne cool, no powerful searchlight to hew a shining lane through foggy courses, and no steam heat on winter days to ward off the cold.

The cost of running the peerless yachting

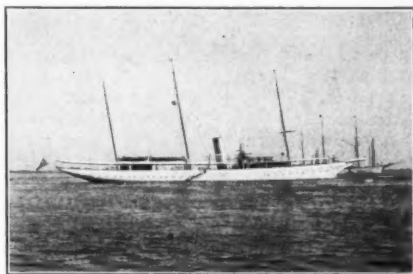
fleet of America, steam and sail, in a single season goes far into the millions. Nearly all the owners of the great steam yachts are lavish entertainers. It is estimated that the 100-foot steam yacht costs her owner or charterer about \$1,000 a month, and that from \$10,000 to \$25,000 will cover the monthly expense, including that of entertaining, of ships like Howard Gould's *Niagara*, J. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair*, James Gordon Bennett's *Lysistrata*, W. K. Vanderbilt's *Valiant*, Anthony J. Drexel's *Marg-*

rita, John Jacob Astor's *Nourmahal*, Colonel Oliver H. Payne's *Aphrodite*, Eugene Higgin's *Varuna*, A. C. Burroughs's *Aztec*, A. Van Rensselaer's *May*, Elbridge T. Gerry's *Electra*, Frank J. Gould's *Helanita*, Mrs. Robert Goellet's *Nahma*, and John R. Drexel's *Sultana*.

The chief expenditure, outside the cost of the cabin table, is for coal. The swiftest vessels burn from twenty to forty tons a day. One of the heaviest coal-consumers is the *Corsair*. She usually is in commission longer than the other yachts of her class. She left this side of the ocean in April last, her owner following her in a liner. On a deep-sea voyage she uses about twice as much coal (say eighty tons a day) as she consumes on an ordinary cruise, when her runs average hardly twelve hours a day. Her coal bill for a season of seven months would be about \$25,000.

The wages of the best steam-yacht skipper is about \$5,000, and the aggregate wages of the yacht's fifty or more sailors, her engineer's force of about twelve men, including electricians, and the chef and his assistants, may be estimated at about \$13,000 for the season.

If the cruising be in the West Indies, the



Kanawha, the Fastest Yacht in American Waters, Belonging to H. H. Rogers.

yachtsman may have to pay twice as much for his coal as it would cost him in an American port. Coal is used continuously aboard every well-equipped steam yacht to run the auxiliary engines furnishing power to the dynamos that drive the fans and illuminate the vessel at night. This expense is difficult to compute; it merely helps to swell the enormous total.

The cost of designing and building the most palatial steam yachts is a subject about which the owners themselves usually are unwilling to talk. It is known that Howard Gould paid not less than \$500,000 for the *Niagara*; that the *Valiant* cost William K. Vanderbilt about three-quarters of a million, and that J. Anthony Drexel's *Margarita*, which is furnished sumptuously and decorated by some of the most famous foreign artists, came near costing her owner a round million. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan paid for his *Corsair*, said to be second as a speeder to H. H. Rogers' *Kanacha*, a mere trifle of about \$750,000. He has since bought, in conjunction with other millionaires, a few hundred big ships (some costing several times as much as the *Corsair*) exclusively for business purposes.

Gardner and Cox, the designers of A. C. Burrage's *Aztec*, say that her fittings and interior decorations are unexcelled for beauty and rarity of woods. She is a steel, triple-decked, twin-screw vessel, 265 feet long, and with a speed of sixteen knots. She was launched this year from the Crescent Shipyard, at Elizabethport, New Jersey, and cost her owner \$300,000, which is a good figure for a craft of her dimensions. She is designed to be a hummer.

Some of the limited number of American millionaires who cruise in the genial waters of the Mediterranean or the Indian Ocean, winter and spring, charter yachts, usually to friends, during the summer season. A whole year's living aboard ship becomes monotonous, except perhaps to a few professional sailors; besides, even the millionaire, if he has not retired from business, wants to be in personal rather than telegraphic reach of the world. A notable instance of chartering was that of the *Sufel-Bahr*, owned by the New York banker, Colonel Francis L. Leland. Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, is the charterer. The yacht was built originally for the Khedive of Egypt and her name in English means "Joy of the Sea." She was used last winter and spring by Colonel Leland in the Indian Ocean

and the Mediterranean. She was built in Glasgow by A. and J. Inglis. She was then handsomely, but not gorgeously, decorated. After Colonel Leland bought her she was redecorated and refurnished elaborately. It is said that the Khedive, after a few voyages, expressed a preference for the unappreciable motion of the solid earth to the tumult of the main.

More British-built yachts are under charter in America this year than ever before. Nearly all attend the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club. Usually the charterers refit the yachts at their own expense. Some British owners seldom use their craft, probably finding it more profitable to charter to wealthy Americans, either for use in American waters or foreign seas. George Gould, who has owned only one steam yacht, the *Atalanta* (built originally for his father, and now a South American gunboat), chartered this year the British steam yacht *Taurus*, formerly the *Eros*, and originally owned by Baron de Rothschild. She is one of the best-equipped and handsomest pleasure ships in America. Mr. Gould sails in her between New York and Bar Harbor and other Atlantic ports of the United States. A chartered yacht is sometimes more expensive to the charterer than it would be to the owner. A. J. Drexel's *Margarita* is under charter to C. B. Alexander, who, it is said, pays about \$15,000 a month for her.

The cost of defending the *America's* cup, that inartistic but precious trophy, representing the yachting supremacy of the seas, has grown with the recent phenomenal growth of yachting in America. A quarter of a century ago, the cup defender was not built especially for her international battle, which was then fought chiefly in landlocked waters. She was selected from a fleet which may have been in the regattas of several years and the cost of running her was little more than that of any other racing yacht during a season. That was in the day of the old wooden centerboarders. The magnificent machines of nickel-steel and Tobin bronze that fought their memorable duels off Sandy Hook a year ago, cost their owner, in the aggregate, more than three-quarters of a million dollars. The heavier expense, probably half a million, fell to Sir Thomas Lipton, owner of the challenging yacht, *Shamrock II*. There was little difference in the cost of building the British and American racers. The owners of each paid about \$150,000 for her; this was only the initial expense. The challenging vessel was

in commission two months longer than the challenged; she crossed the sea on her own bottom; extra sails, spars and fittings were brought here by steamship, and special sail-makers came over to put her canvas in trim. Tugs, launches and attending steamboats were chartered.

Added to these expenses of Sir Thomas Lipton was the big bill of entertaining aboard his handsome steam yacht, the *Erin*, which came across seas to accompany the racing ships. This bill, it is said, amounted to more than \$100,000.

The pay and board of a crew of fifty men for five months or more is a considerable item.

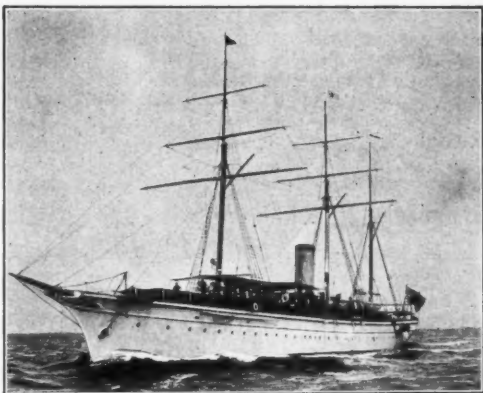
The skipper receives \$2,500; the two mates \$1,000 each; the boatswain and quartermaster \$40 a month each, and each of the sailors about \$30 a month. It costs \$7,500 to feed the crew. They cannot sleep aboard their yacht, as she is not built that way, being just a racing machine, so they lodge and eat on a tender which is chartered for the season at a cost of about \$22,000.

The keenest sport in the yachting season is derived from the contest of the seventy-foot sloops, usually known as the seventy-footers from their length on the water line. The best of these boats are designed and built by Herreshoff and cost about \$26,000 each. The owners of some of the seventy-footers are August Belmont, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Harry Payne Whitney and Cornelius Vanderbilt. They offer prizes of \$5 to each sailor to increase his interest in bringing his yacht first to cross the finish line. If she doesn't win, the sailor gets a consolation prize of \$2.50. The yacht owner, not being in urgent need of money, strives merely for the glory of striving, the hope of victory, and a silver cup. The owner of a new successful seventy-footer in a season of four months generally manages to spend (independent of the first cost of his yacht) about \$20,000.

The development of the steam yacht in America has been a matter of less than a

quarter of a century. There were only two steam vessels in the list of the New York Yacht Club twenty-two years ago; now there are one hundred and sixty-four, including a score of the swiftest and most gorgeous twin screws in the world.

Some are larger and much fleetier than the old Cunarders, and the best of them can make the transatlantic passage in about eight days. The highest speed attained by an ocean-going steam yacht is credited to H. H. Rogers' *Kanawha*. Mr. Rogers is fond of long cruises, but fonder of racing anything that goes by steam than he



Nourmahal, Belonging to John Jacob Astor.

may fall in with at a regatta, on a cruise, or anywhere else. He gets much amusement and some glory in the placid upper and lower Bay of New York by sailing around the twin screw steamboat *Monmouth*, one of the fastest commercial harbor craft in America. It is said that she can cover eighteen knots in an hour. If this is true, the *Kanawha* comes pretty near being a twenty-knot ship. To keep up this speed a long time, Mr. Rogers has to pay a tidy sum for coal, particularly when there is a strike in the coal region.

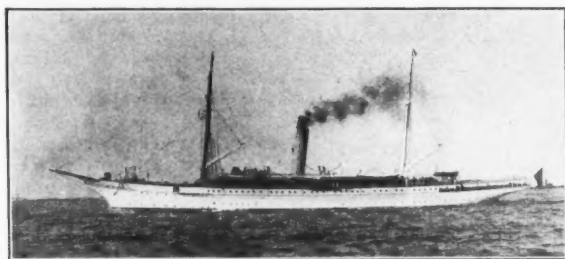
Many of the greatest yachts, including the *Lysistrata* (which has never been in America), the *Valiant*, the *Margarita*, the *Varuna* and the *May* were built in British shipyards. But the marvelous progress of shipbuilding in America has caused orders to pour into Yankee yards. There are no yachts handsomer or fleetier now than those launched from the fast-multiplying yards on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. Since the construction of the German Emperor's superb schooner yacht *Meteor* by the Townsend-Downey Company, at Shooter's Island, from the designs of a Yankee marine architect, A. Cary Smith, it is becoming fashionable to have yachts built in domestic yards.

A large proportion of yachtsmen are interested in stocks and they prefer to be not far from ports where they may hear the

news of the fluctuations in the market. On the cruises of the yacht clubs, the brokers often take their secretaries along, and they are sent ashore at every port to receive and send dispatches and to get the newspapers. The ordinary means of telegraphic communi-

dustrial and speculative world day by day. He never went so far seaward that he could not run into a port within six or seven hours and find out how the market stood. Dispatches awaited him at every place he called. He was never out of touch with the bustling

metropolis, and he used his yacht only in short cruises along the Atlantic coast and to take him to and from his summer home on the Hudson. In this respect he was like J. Pierpont Morgan, who, when he wishes to go abroad, prefers a giant liner, "the bigger the better." This is also the sentiment of Sir Thomas Lipton, who never crosses the Atlantic in the *Erin*.



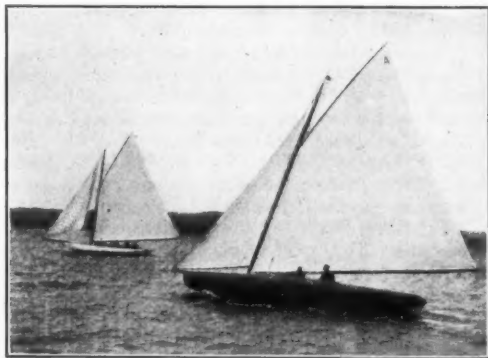
Nahma, Belonging to Mrs. Robert Goelet.

cation is not swift enough for some yachtsmen, and they are contemplating equipping their boats with wireless telegraph apparatus. William B. Leeds has installed a wireless plant aboard his new steel yacht, the *Noma*, and other yachtsmen are preparing to follow his example.

The yachtsman is essentially gregarious. He doesn't like to go off, as a rule, on lone-some trips to unfamiliar seas; he would rather be with the fleet than sailing alone. Even when he does take a cruise to remote and strange ports he always has a party of chosen friends along to help him enjoy himself. There are few yachtsmen who want to get away from the madding crowd and the vexations of business, who do not take a few of the crowd along with them. James D. Smith, who owns the auxiliary schooner *Viking*, confesses that his chief pleasure while on a cruise is "just fishing," and he always wants a party of anglers to assist in the sport. Nearly all of them are good Corinthians, like himself. He tells them when they come aboard, in order that they may not exert their almost irresistible tendency to help work the ship: "Now, boys, I don't want you to do a thing; you are my guests. Of course, if the ship gets afire, I will expect you to lend a hand in passing the bucket; but that's all."

Jay Gould, sometimes called the Buccaneer in the days when he cruised in the *Atalanta*, wanted to feel the pulse of the in-

Although she is a good sea boat, she is not so steady and comfortable as a bilge-keeled merchantman in a heavy sea. Mr. Morgan never goes on long cruises and seldom, or never, goes South. His yacht may be seen chiefly at Bar Harbor, Newport, New York and in Atlantic waters north of Cape May. When he sends her abroad, as he did this year, he uses her to convey him from one part of Europe to another on business and pleasure, preferring that means of getting around to riding on Continental railroads.



Hera, a Racing 30-footer, Belonging to Ralph Ellis.

He is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and attended the German regatta at Kiel this year, as well as other European aquatic events. He seldom misses an opportunity while in America to witness the contests of the smartest racers of the prominent

clubs, in all of which he holds membership.

About 200 yachtsmen are graduates of the New York Nautical College. The list of names includes Allison B. Armour, Howard Gould, Oliver H. P. Belmont, A. C. Bostwick, Royal Phelps Carroll, F. Marion Crawford, Elbridge T. Gerry, C. Oliver Iselin, William E. Iselin, Woodbury Kane, Dr. Charles T. Parker, H. C. Wintringham, Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Herbert L. Satterlee, James Stillman, Anson Phelps Stokes, J. Rogers Maxwell, Henry F. Noyes, Robert E. Todd and Percy Chubb.

J. Rogers Maxwell, who is president of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, besides being a navigator, is a designer of yachts. In recent years, however, he has not been devoting much time to the subject of models. Sometimes he merely creates an interior, telling Designer Wintringham to "build a hull round it." Mr. Maxwell has much Celtic blood in him and he may have been inspired to so instruct his designer by the memory of the yarn of the Irishman whose receipt for making a cannon was to "find a hole and pour the iron round it." Mr. Maxwell raced a fifty-one-footer called the *Hummer*, a miniature *Constitution*, in 1901. He has a penchant for Irish names. Two of his earlier yachts were the *Shamrock* and the *Emerald*. His new steam yacht is the *Celt*. She is about 160 feet long and is used chiefly to tow and attend the racing single-stickers of Mr. Maxwell's sons, J. Rogers, Jr., and Henry, who are among the luckiest and most earnest amateurs who ever hauled on sheet or handled tiller.

Archibald Watt, also navigator and designer, is likewise an engineer. He always superintends the docking and repairing of his steam yacht the *American*, which was built from his own plan under his personal supervision. Mr. Watt is intensely patriotic, as might be inferred from the name of his yacht. He lost a finger in his devotion to practical engineering. Lloyd Phoenix, bachelor and gentleman of leisure, is among the notable Corinthians who sail their own ships when they feel like it, which in his case is pretty nearly all the time. He has had several auxiliary schooners, all called the *Intrepid*. The advantage of an auxiliary,

which is a full-rigged yacht, equipped with a light propeller and small engine, is her ability to defy calms and make headway, probably at a three or four-knot rate, when it is impossible to use the sail. The coal bill of an auxiliary is usually very small, because there are only a few days on a cruise when there is not some breeze astir. Mr. Phoenix would be unable to enjoy life on a ship run entirely by steam. When the engines are not in use, the auxiliary yacht is managed the same as any other sailing craft. Mr. Phoenix's latest *Intrepid*, is a three-master, designed by Beaver-Webb. He is a sea rover nearly all the year round. A cruise to Labrador was one of his recent recreations,



Corona, Belonging to Commodore Ledyard, N. Y. Y. C.

but his usual cruising is in the vicinity of the West Indies.

Eugene Higgins, one of New York's wealthiest bachelors, attends nearly all the important regattas of the world in his steam yacht the *Varuna*, a splendid sea boat. He knows much of practical navigation, and probably spends more time on shipboard than any other American yachtsman. He nearly always uses his yacht to ferry him to and from Europe. As she is in service most of the year, she costs him annually a small fortune.

Commodore Frederick T. Adams, of the Larchmont Yacht Club, pursued the sea as a business when he was a youngster, making

a trip around the Horn. He is as familiar with square riggers as he is with fore-and-afters. He was a "foremast man" when he left the deep-sea trade. He is his own sailing master and has taken his schooner yacht *Sachem* on many long cruises. His temperament is eminently domestic and his wife usually accompanies him. To sail around Long Island, through Sound and Sea, is a common pastime with him, and he frequently cruises five hundred miles or more off shore. Invariably he takes a party of friends along.

Robert E. Tod, the banker, who has a master's license, never employs a professional skipper to navigate his steel topsail schooner yacht, the *Thistle*, through summer seas. His cruising grounds are in the West Indies and southern waters. A mate does the actual work of running the ship under Mr. Tod's direction. He himself takes the wheel only when he feels so inclined. He probably is as familiar with the harbors of the world as the best of the deep-sea navigators in the merchant sailing service.

Arthur Curtiss James, owner of the steel auxiliary barkentine yacht *Aloha*, which is 160 feet long and fit to cruise in any sea, in storm or calm, once owned the famous schooner yacht *Coronet*, which vanquished the historic old *Dauntless* in a race across the Atlantic. Mr. James is a loyal son of Amherst, and when he heard that Professor Todd, Amherst's astronomer, was anxious to observe, for the benefit of his college, a total eclipse of the sun, in August, 1896, visible at its best in the neighborhood of Japan, he offered the professor the *Coronet*, fitting her out for him and standing practically all the expense of the expedition. Mr. James and his wife and Mrs. Todd went with the astronomical experts to Yezo, the most northern of the islands of Japan. Mr. James

sent the yacht solely for love of his *alma mater* and his interest in astronomy. The expedition was a success. Mr. James is fond of deep-sea cruising. He frequently makes voyages to the West Indies.

Three women, Mrs. Robert Goelet, owner of the steam yacht *Nahma*, a twin-screw that cruises abroad, chiefly in the Mediterranean; Mrs. Howard Gould, wife of the owner of the yacht *Niagara*, and Mrs. Charles T. Parker are graduates of the New York Nautical College. Mrs. Gould might take the helm herself in case her husband, also a navigator, or the *Niagara's* skipper were incapacitated. Mrs. Parker is the only one of the salty trio who has obtained a master's license. Before she married Dr. Parker she was an adventuresome bachelor girl, known the world over among yachtsmen as Susan de Forest Day, owner and commander of the steam yacht *Cythian*, the most unique ship of her kind ever registered in the New York Yacht Club. Miss Day, like most bachelor girls, rated the element of comfort above everything else in her life afloat. She is the daughter of Henry Day, a noted New York lawyer, and the sister of the late George Lord Day, the original owner of the fast-cruising schooner-yacht *Endymion*.

Miss Day bought the *Cythian* outright when she was a little tramp steamship, capable of a speed of about twelve knots when pushed to her limit. The *Cythian* had been used as a towing vessel partly, and partly as a tramp, plying between West Indian and American ports. Miss Day had the steamship refitted at Perth Amboy and immediately began cruising in local waters and in the Caribbean sea. Before this she studied in the Nautical College of New York, of which Captain Howard Patterson is the principal, and had a pretty clear idea of

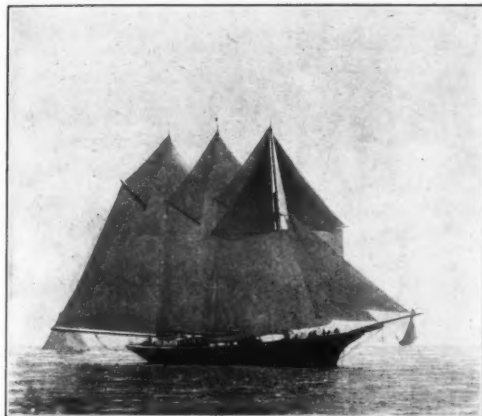


Esperanza, Belonging to H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.

navigation when she stood on the bridge alongside the actual skipper. After her return from a West Indian cruise she passed examination before the United States Local

ble to her owners. Miss Day proved herself a very able sailor.

Occasionally, yachtsmen, going to or coming from ports remote from the United States, pass a vessel in distress. The vessel, particularly if she is a lumber carrier from a southern port, short of provisions, never objects to running across a liberal-hearted Yankee yacht owner. They have no salt horse aboard the yachts, and the distressed seamen of lumber craft know that they are going to get the best procurable. It is seldom that a yacht has the chance to rescue anybody. The most remarkable incident in the rescuing line was that in which the steam yacht *Sagamore* played the savior on April 14, 1899, about sixty miles north of Bermuda. Mr. John H. Hanan, owner of the yacht, was on the bridge peering through his glasses on this day, just after he had left Bermuda, when he saw a dark object bobbing up and down in the



Lloyd Phoenix's *Intrepid*, a Famous Cruiser.

Inspectors of Steam Vessels of New York, and became the master of her own ship. She thus secured the distinction of being the first woman who had ever received a master's certificate, enabling her to pilot her own vessel in any of the harbors of the United States.

The *Cythian*, although luxuriously fitted, was, compared with the *Corsair*, J. Pierpont Morgan's costly ocean-goer, an inexpensive trifle. She carried only four men before the mast, besides her captain, mate, engineer, assistant engineer and three firemen. Miss Day herself had aboard a companion, a maid, a steward and his assistant, a woman cook and her cherished bull terrier, Trilby. Her yachting experience was not of long duration. She is now without a yacht, but she has a husband, also an able navigator. The *Cythian* was chartered to a Boston yachtsman, and while entering the harbor of Boston caught fire and was so badly damaged that it was not considered worth while to refit her. She is now doing pretty much as she was before she gained temporary and unique yachting honors—plying between West Indian and American ports, carrying such cargo as is profita-

ble to her owners. Miss Day proved herself a very able sailor. Occasionally, yachtsmen, going to or coming from ports remote from the United States, pass a vessel in distress. The vessel, particularly if she is a lumber carrier from a southern port, short of provisions, never objects to running across a liberal-hearted Yankee yacht owner. They have no salt horse aboard the yachts, and the distressed seamen of lumber craft know that they are going to get the best procurable. It is seldom that a yacht has the chance to rescue anybody. The most remarkable incident in the rescuing line was that in which the steam yacht *Sagamore* played the savior on April 14, 1899, about sixty miles north of Bermuda. Mr. John H. Hanan, owner of the yacht, was on the bridge peering through his glasses on this day, just after he had left Bermuda, when he saw a dark object bobbing up and down in the heavy swell. He ordered his captain to steer for the object, and he soon made it out to be a dismasted sailing craft. The red mercantile British ensign, was floating, union down, from the top of a pole lashed to the stump of the mainmast. Mr. Hanan



Corsair, Steam Yacht of J. Pierpont Morgan.

launched a boat manned by the second mate and three seamen, who took off Captain William Gordon, his wife, his little daughter, a very pretty, golden-haired child fourteen years old, and the crew. Mr. Hanan landed all hands at New York. The dismayed craft was the little brigantine *Caspian*, bound from Prince Edward Island for Jacksonville.

The skipper, his wife, daughter and all the rescued men united in declaring that they would like to be shipwrecked every month in the year for the pleasure of being picked up by a man who treated them with such effusive kindness. They had cabin fare during the four days that they were on the *Sagamore*, and all the sailormen were anxious to get a berth aboard her rather than brave the perils of the sea, and the food incidental thereto, on a trading vessel. Captain Gordon presented Mr. Hanan with the *Caspian's* ensign, and also permitted the yachtsman to take many photographs of his charming little daughter. It was her first shipwreck, and she was proud of it; she was also proud that Mr. Hanan considered her worth snapshotting so many times. He still has in the cabin of another yacht that he now owns the ensign of the *Caspian* and the best of his pictures of the little girl.

Probably the swiftest cruising sailing yacht in the world is the *Endymion*, designed by Tams and Lemoyne, of New York, and now owned by George Lauder, Jr. She was originally the property of George Lord Day, a fearless sportsman, who died ultimately from the effects of injuries received in riding to hounds. He was practically a cripple for nearly two years. His strenuous nature de-

manded something perilous and exciting. He found it in deep-sea cruising. He was a practical navigator and often took the helm on his frequent transatlantic trips. A quiescent voyage on a six-day steamship never appealed to him. He preferred to

cross in the *Endymion*, which sometimes made almost as fast a trip as the second-class liners. With all her wealth of muslin drawing in a crisp summer breeze she is unapproachable as a marine picture; also, as a flyer. She has made Southampton from Sandy Hook, a distance of about 3,100 miles, romping through crested seas, sometimes at the rate of fourteen knots, in thir-



Endymion, the Swiftest Cruising Sailing Yacht in the World. Owned by George Lauder, Jr.

teen days, which is about the time of the matchless Yankee clipper, *Dreadnought*, to Liverpool, and the Baltimore clipper, *Mary Whiteidge*, from Baltimore to the Mersey.

There is a big fleet of small vessels propelled by steam, gasoline, naphtha and electricity in New York. Many of these, measuring from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five feet, are used merely as private ferries to take their owners from New York City to their summer homes on Long Island Sound, the North River and streams adjacent to the metropolitan district. Some of these boats are much speedier for short distances than the best flyers of the ocean-going fleet. Hon. Seth Low, Mayor of New York, who owns the one hundred and twenty-seven-foot steam yacht *Surprise*, one of the finest boats of her inches in America, sails in her to and from his home on the Sound. She was formerly the *Willada*, and was renamed by Mr. Low after a vessel owned by his father.

CONCERNING BILLY LUFF AND MASTER GOODCHILD

By NORMAN DUNCAN

Author of "The Soul of Street," etc.

RAGGED HARBOR is a fishing outpost in Newfoundland. It lies, remote and barren, far up on the northeast shore.

It is but a cleft in a coast of naked rock, flanked by a tangled wilderness and confronted by a gray, sullen sea. It is cut off from the surging progress of these days by the great waste which encompasses it. Long, long ago, the forbears of its folk strayed into a by-path, and the succeeding generations have been left behind and forgotten. They concern themselves not at all with inventions and new philosophies, for both are far beyond the reach of their ears and their imaginations, as, for example, they still use the spinning wheel and wonder what the color of the flames of hell may be. Indeed, their religion is their comfort and relaxation; when they get it, as the folk say, their joy is surpassing great; while they lack it and long for it they abide in wretchedness. The conversion of little Billy Luff, of that place, was accomplished when he was eight years old, which was the season before he first went regularly to the Mad Mull fishing grounds to keep the head of his father's punt up to the wind. The bitterness of the æon through which that dreamy, timid, raw-nerved child "wrestled" for salvation! Who shall have the hardness of heart to display the separate agonies of that little soul—the heavy, darkened days—the flaming terrors of the night—the hideous dread and expectation overhanging? It is enough to say that Billy Luff emerged into a quaint complacency; that thereafter his outlook was unperturbed, his little course steadfast—in the spreading of fish, in the care of his father's punt, in all the duties of children, it was quite steadfast.

"He'll make a preacher," said Eleazar Manuel, the ruling elder, to Billy Luff's mother.

The woman laid her hand on her heart. "Oh," she cried, joyfully, "does you think so, honest an' true, Eleazar?"

"Sure, I thinks the Lard's called un to it," said Eleazar.

"I be feared t' think it," she whispered, "but I been prayin' for it these three weeks."

"Mark my wards, he've a call, sure enough," said Eleazar, with a nod and a wise wink, as though the Lord had let him into the secret.

Whereupon Billy Luff's mother redoubled her watchful care of the child.

Billy's conversion is recorded as the supreme achievement of the parson from Round Harbor, whose discourse on the latter end of the wicked, delivered, upon that occasion, when the mellow, vibrant voice was lifted above a gusty night wind and the roar of the Black Rock breakers, is remembered to this day for the fruit it bore.

"He'm a powerful preacher, that one," Eleazar Manuel was wont to say. "'Twere a wonderful vict'ry t' convict that wee child o' sin."

But there was a little book in Ragged Harbor—a lone, tattered, broken-backed, greasy little storybook for children; its edges were frayed, and it was spotted yellow on almost every page, but it was not musty, for it was the only storybook in Ragged Harbor. The honor of Billy Luff's salvation and continuance in grace and good works must be ascribed in part to it. It was written long, long ago, at the time, as I have said, when the forbears of the folk strayed up that forbidding coast in chase of the fish, and it had descended to Billy from the fostermother of his grandfather, who had brought it from the West Country when she was a little maid. Between its ragged covers were stories and pictures—most entertaining and profitable stories, marvelous pictures. Billy's imagination hungered for stories; so he loved that little book. He was never so happy as in those twilight hours when his mother found time to read to him; when he sat all alone with her in the evening light, close to the window, and looked over the harbor water to the faraway

distance, where the great hills were melting with the night.

"'Tis terrible sad in spots," he would say, when she closed the book. It may be that he would have to wipe his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket.

"Iss," she would say, "but 'tis terrible wise, too."

This treasured little volume was called "Early Piety." As the title page runs, it contained the memoirs of many eminently religious children, interspersed with familiar dialogues, emblematical pictures, prayers, graces and hymns. "My dear young reader," says the author, "this little book is written with a design and a desire at once to profit and please you; by showing, in the examples of children, many of whom died young (and you, too, my dear child, may die very young), the great happiness and advantage of real and early Piety." Billy Luff loved the stories of these pious and amiable children. This one pleased him greatly:

THE
SABBATH BREAKER
RECLAIMED;
OR, THE
PLEASING HISTORY
OF
THOMAS BROWN



But, best of all, he liked to have his mother read about the most pious and amiable children in the book.

These amiable children were Billy Luff's heroes. They were more worthy of respect and emulation, he perceived, than even Job Luff, his uncle, who had none of the loveliness of piety, but could lift a barrel of pork and drink from the bunghole, if he cared to. Their lives had been lofty, sacrificial, beautiful; for that reason he loved them. He rejoiced in their early salvation; he wept beside their neat, white deathbeds, wept great, hot tears; he hearkened to their last declarations with a full heart. Indeed, he longed to live a life as eminently pious as their lives had been. With his whole heart, he longed to die a glorious death, even as

they had died. In particular, he sought to emulate Master Goodchild in all that he did. It was difficult, to be sure. Master Goodchild went cheerfully to bed at precisely seven o'clock; there was never a time when he was required to cut the heads off slippery cod until midnight; nor did the amiable child know what it was to keep the head of a slimy punt up to the wind when half a

THE
Entertaining History
OF
MASTER BILLY AND MISS
BETSY GOODCHILD.

CHAPTER I.

Of their good Behaviour at School, and coming Home at Christmas.

MASTER Billy and Miss Betsy Goodchild were sent by their parents into the country, to a preparatory boarding school; where they were put under the care of Mrs. Loogood, a lady of singular piety and wisdom; remarkably fitted for the education of youth; for she dearly loved little children, was very indulgent to them whenever they did well;

* A 4

"But, best of all, he liked to have his mother read about the most pious and amiable child in the book."

gale from the nor'east made the spume fly. These children died young. So Billy wished that he, too, might die young. In that event, he was sure, his death would be glorious, for, in his day-dreams, he had planned it all out.

"I'll say, 'Prepare t' meet your God,' just afore I dies," he dreamed, with a chuckle, "an' maybe 'twill convert Uncle Job."

It was one small part of Billy Luff's day's work to spread his father's fish to dry on the flake, and to keep watch, lest the sun burn it or a vagrant shower soak it; and, sometimes, it may be, when he would straighten up, to rest his back, he would catch sight of young Joshua Rideout roaming the sunlit Head, leaping from rock to rock, rolling over the stubby grass. Then he would look about, from the hills to the hills and to the glistening edge of the world, and long to be free and far away—not to look for juniper berries, but to lie on his back in the sun, high above the sea, and weave long stories

with the wool he gathered, in his dreams. But he was steadfast, was Billy, and he would repeat, just as Master Goodchild did,

'I must not idle all the day,
Lest Satan get me for his prey.'

and bend over the fish again, being more careful than ever to have them flat on the spruce boughs.

In the twilight of hot days, when the fish had gone from the grounds and all the lads of the harbor were foot-free and merry, they would call to him from Uncle Simon's wharf-head to be away with them in the punt to Squid Cove for a lark.

But, it may be, he would hear the rattle of tin cups and a kettle, floating up with the call of his name; then he would fear that they were bent on plundering ol' Bill Bull's lobster traps, which are set in the waters of Squid Cove. So he would continue the splitting of billets of birch wood for the winter's store; repeating, just as Master Goodchild did when tempted:

'It is a sin to steal a pin,
Much more to steal a greater thing.'

The song and cry and laughter would drift back through the misty shadows, and he would listen, enraptured, while the liquid sounds went echoing into the far, deep silence of the wilderness.

When the great fall winds swept the sea, and all the men folk were idle—when the harbor water froze in one glassy, solid sheet, and the young folk were out with sleds and wooden skates, making sport and laughter until the hoary old hills grew tired of mocking—when the lads and maids decked themselves out in fantastic fashion and went murmuring from cottage to cottage at Christmas tide—when spring came with the ice still clinging to the coast, and the lads played at "h'ist-your-sails-an'-run" among the boulders of the hillside, which the afternoon flooded with warm sunshine; at such times, Billy Luff set his lips, and turned, for strength, to the Little Verses for Very Good Children, just as Master Goodchild did. He would repeat,

'I must not waste my time in play,
For time is precious, wise folk say.'

and set himself to the acquirement of some useful piece of knowledge, such as the knowledge with which Mrs. Lovegood was accustomed to indulge Master Goodchild when he had been most conspicuously good.

He was steadfast, was Billy.

One afternoon in spring, when school was out, the lads bounded, whooping, down the rocky hillside to the edge of the water. The harbor was spread with fragments of ice, floating free, which a barrier of standing ice at the narrows kept imprisoned.

"Come on copyin', Billy," said Ezekiel Sevier.

That is a game of follow-my-leader over the broken ice, every cake of which, it may be, sinks under the weight of a lad. It is a training for the perilous work of seal hunting, which comes later in the life of a Newfoundland.

"Me mother said I weren't t' goa," said Billy. He looked wistfully over the ice-strewn water.

"Tis better not, then," said Ezekiel.

"When you grows up you'll be sorry you didn't l'arn t' copy when you was a b'y," said little Skipper Jo. "Sure, b'y, when you goas huntin' swiles, an' you gets out on the ice, an' the ice goas abroad,* what you goain' t' do? Sure, b'y," he added, sagely, "you're brung up too tender. Me mother says you didn't ought t' wear a undershirt an' two pair o' socks. Me mother says you didn't ought t' be brung up like a girl."

"I isn't a girl," Billy flashed.

"Noa," said Jo, "but you didn't ought t' be brung up like one."

"Sure, b'y," cried Ezekiel, "he've not t' goa swilin' when he grows up. 'Tis a parson *he's* t' be."

"Iss, sure," said Jo; "but——"

"I s'pose you thinks, Billy Luff, 'tis wicked t' copy," sneered Joshua Rideout. This boy envied Billy the Lord's call to be a parson. He, too, wanted to be a parson, and wear slippers and have the folk send goat's milk and potatoes and the fattest salmon to him.

"Noa, an' I doan't," said Billy Luff. Then he repeated to himself, just as Master Goodchild did when he felt his ire rising:

'I must not be a wicked child;
I must be always meek and mild.'

"I s'pose you thinks Ezekiel Sevier 'll goa t' hell for it," said Joshua, edging nearer.

"Noa, an' I doan't," said Billy.

"I s'pose you thinks Skipper Jo'll goa t' hell," said Joshua.

Joshua's intention was plainly belligerent. Billy Luff had to repeat to himself, most earnestly, even while his fists closed:

'I must not curse and swear, or fight;
I must be good with all my might.'

"Noa, an' I doan't," he said, aloud.

*Disperses into separate fragments.

Joshua strutted up to Billy. He was scowling, and his closed fists were behind his back. He put his face close to Billy's.

"I s'pose," he said, passionately, "you thinks God'll damn me."

Billy Luff was conscious of a rising impulse to strike that flat nose such a blow that the quivering nostrils would be still. His fist itched to plant itself just on the tip. He drew himself up until he was almost as tall as Joshua.

"God'll damn you, certain sure," he said, steadily. "An' I hopes he do."

"Does you? Does you? Does you?" said Joshua, dancing about like an Indian. "I'd give you a beatin' if I—if I—if I didn't have t' goa hame an' feed the goats."

"You's scared, you bay-noodie!" Billy taunted.

"Is I? Is I? Is I?" Joshua screamed. "You hide a bit an' I'll give you such a barb'r'ous beatin' as you never had."

"You's scared! You's scared!"

"Is I? Is I scared? I got t' goa. There's me mother singin' out for me now."

Thereupon, Joshua ran away.

Now, Billy Luff knew full well that he had committed grievous sin; that he had yielded to a temptation over which Master Goodchild had never failed to triumph. So he ran off home all alone, lest he should burst out crying on the way, and so further shame his faith. The weight of his iniquity pressed heavily upon him; a vast, forbidding shadow seemed to have fallen over his little life. He went to his bedroom and wept bitterly. After a while, he dried his eyes and sat himself at the window in the sitting-room—the broad window, overlooking the harbor, where there is a view of the misty hills, and the dusk may be watched as it creeps out of the wilderness. He looked out; but his eyes were not upon the hills, nor did he see the shadows coming. He was thinking of a picture—the third picture in the *Entertaining History of Master Billy and Miss Betsey Goodchild*, which portrays Master Patience, dreaming over his Bible, quiet as a lamb, as 'tis said, and so happy because he is content to wait until next year for some pretty things his guardian has promised him; portrays, also, Master Passion, who beats the cherry tree with a cruel stick because he has stubbed his toe against the root. This is the picture:



"Now, b'y," said Billy's mother, bustling in from the kitchen, "I'll read you a bit while the fish is b'ilin', for bein' such a good b'y, an' comin' straight hoame from school."

"Iss, mum," said Billy.

She sat down beside him, and held the little book up to the failing light. "What'll I read, b'y?" she said. "Master Goodchild's tale about 'A Very Good little Girl who died Very Happy before she was Seven Years old'?"

"Noa, mum."

"'A Pretty History of a Very Pious Young Lady, well Worthy the Imitation of my Little Readers'?"

"Noa, mum," said Billy.

"What then?" said she.

"'Containin' the Hist'ry of a Sad Wicked Child, an' his Miserable Death,'" said Billy.

So she read it to him. It is the story of Jack Perverse, related by Master Goodchild to a pious little company, whom he had entertained at dinner; and it concludes this way:

"'Naughty girls and boys are punished, as well as naughty men and women,' concluded Master Goodchild, 'and you may well believe this; for Jack Perverse, one Sunday afternoon, after he had been making game of the minister, went with a boy of his acquaintance, as bad as himself, to wash in the river, and there he, getting out of his depth, and the other being seized with a cramp, were both drowned; and so taken away suddenly with all their sins unrepented of and unforgiven, to stand before the judgment. Thus we see, my dear companions, that the way of sin is down hill; and how children are hurried on from one crime to another, till all ends in the ruin of soul and body.'

"'May we all be kept,' said the little pious company, 'from all the ways of sin, and the least appearance of evil!'"

"Then they sang the following pretty hymn:

When children in their wanton play,
Serv'd old *Elisha* so,
And bid the prophet go his way,
'Go up, thou bald-head, go.'

He quickly stopped their wicked breath,
And called two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

"'Amen!' said the little, pious company, with one voice."

That night, while his mother was tucking him up in bed, Billy Luff made confession of his fall from grace.

"The Devil got the best o' me the day, mum," he said.

She looked up, startled.

"Iss, mam," said Billy; "I were handy t' swattin' Joshua Rideout on the nose."

"The great, hulkin' dunce!" she cried.

"Did un beat you, b'y?"

"Noa, mum," said Billy. "He didn't dast. He run away."

She clucked and clattered like a wrathful hen. She would attend to Joshua Rideout, said she. She patted the bedclothes, and tucked and tucked, and patted again. Then she kissed him good-night, and took up the candle to go.

"'Tis sad t' think o' the miserable death o' them b'ys," said Billy.

"But they was so wicked," said she.

"Oh-h," he said, solemnly, "they was fair wicked—t' mock the parson the way they done! But 'tis sad t' think they was cut off in sin."

She kissed him again. Again she moved to go; but she paused, that she might feast her heart with the sight of him, lying there in bed.

"Is you feared o' the dark the night, b'y?" she asked, tenderly.

"Noa, mama," said Billy. "Jesus is near."

In a transport of pride and joy, she set the candle down, and hugged him close; and she kissed him a hundred times. Then she had to do the tucking up all over again. At last, she clattered down to her work; and she was very happy.

But little Billy dreamed all night long, about this picture,



fancying he was with Jack Perverse, running from a flood of flame and smoke.

Now, it may be that Billy Luff's bringing up had been too tender for the child of a stock so hardy. However that be, he did not long survive the wearing of the undershirt and two pair of socks. One day, in the school recess, when, by special permission, he went copying over the ice, he fell in the water. Lest he should lose some useful piece of knowledge, he determined to sit in his wet clothes until school was let out. So, that night, he was cold and fevered by turns; and he was very sick when he was put to bed.

"I'se sick, mamma," he said, for the hundredth time. "I'se sick here," he whimpered, laying his hand on his chest. "It hurts me barb'rous."

"Hush-h!" she crooned, bending over him. "Take this, dear; 'twill make you all better the morrow."

He gulped the homely remedy down with a wry face; then he fell back on the pillow.

"'Tis wonderful nasty," he sighed.

"Goa t' sleep!" she said, softly. "Goa t' sleep!"

"But I took un brave enough," said he.

She smoothed the hair back from his brow. Her hand was all rough and stained; but it was very tender.

"Goa sleep! Hush-h-h! Goa t' sleep!"

"Iss, mamma."

But he could not fall asleep.

The folk of Ragged Harbor set great store by the last words of the dying. Was the death triumphant? they ask of those who have been favored to see and to hear. Was it hopeless? they inquire; and it may be that their lips twitch while they frame the

question. They are a folk exceedingly simple. Alas! some judge the secret past of all passing souls by the words last spoken, and according to these words they impute sin or righteousness, and predict a future of woe or glory. Thus, when it was made known that little Billy Luff's sickness had come near to its end, they wondered concerning the manner of death this holy child would die; and they longed to watch and listen by the bed where he lay, lest they should miss some wondrous manifestation of the presence of the Lord God Almighty and Most High.

The age-wise women of the place said that the lad would die at evening.

"Is you all ready t' goa, Eleazar, b'y?" Eleazar Manuel's wife called up the stair of their cottage. "The shadow o' Needle Rock's near the easter edge o' the road. 'Tis time t' be off."

"Noa, I isn't, woman," Eleazar replied, a touch of impatience in his voice. "I'm havin' trouble with the wristbands o' me shirt."

She fluttered up to the bedroom, all dressed out in her meeting-house clothes; and she buttoned the wristbands for Eleazar, and helped him on with his best coat.

"They's noa tellin' what'll happen afore us gets there," she said. "Leave us make haste."

So, in haste, they set out for Billy Luff's home, in a state of delicious excitement, but not heartlessly; and when they came abreast of Solomon Stride's flake, Priscilla, Solomon's wife, came running down the path to intercept them. She, too, was dressed in her meeting-house clothes.

"Is you goain' t' Missus Luff's?" said she.

"Iss, sure," said Eleazar. "I be godfather t' little Billy."

"He's a holy child," said Priscilla, biting at her finger nails, "an' 'tis like the Lard'll send a sign when he dies."

"Sure, Priscilla," said Eleazar, "I'm expectin' a glorious death for that wee child."

"The Lard'll send a sign," muttered Priscilla, looking away. Then she said, quickly: "Does you think Missus Luff 'd mind if—I went with you?"

"Sure, noa," said Eleazar's wife. "Come along o' we. She'll be proud t' have you."

Thus it was that Priscilla gained her heart's desire.

"He's a holy child," she thought. "The Lard'll send a sign."

When they came to Billy Luff's home they

found others there, all lingering in a lower room, waiting. After a time, Mary, a maid-servant, passed through on her way to the kitchen.

"Is you heered anything yet, Mary?" Eleazar whispered, catching her by the arm.

"Iss, Eleazar," said Mary; "he've said, 'Jesus loves me.'"

"Have he, now!" exclaimed Eleazar, as in blank amaze.

"Iss," said Mary; "an' he've said, 'Prepare t' meet your God.'"

"Hark t' that, now!" cried Eleazar.

"He've said, 'Prepare t' meet your God'—an' him a wee child, dyin'!"

It was borne in upon Eleazar that he, too, must lie on a deathbed, come a day. He bit his lip, and tugged nervously at his beard.

"Think o' that, now," he muttered.

"Prepare t' meet your God, 'an' him a wee child!"

Priscilla Stride plucked at his sleeve. "Leave us steal upstairs t' the door," she whispered.

"You goa first," said he.

They stole up the stair to the door to the room where little Billy lay dying, and all the others followed them.

Meantime, in the little room above, where the child's mother and the parson from Round Harbor sat at the bedside, Billy Luff had passed into that state of consciousness and ease which, in such cases, intervenes between the long, wasting agony and the death. His face was turned to the window; the harbor water lay, all still and somber, below; beyond the naked rock of the opposite shore rose the spruce-clad summits of the hills; and over all hung a cloudy, glowing sky. He looked out, dreaming, until the untimely silence of the room, and the whispering floating up the stair, and his labored breathing, frightened him; then he turned his head.

They answered all his questions truly.

"I doan't want t' die," he whimpered.

"I'm feared t' die."

"Hush!" his mother whispered in his ear; and she kissed his cheek.

He began to cry.

"You isn't, you isn't! You's t' get well," she sobbed.

But still he trembled. She kept her lips pressed against his cheek, kissing him all the time.

"I'm feared," he said. "I'm feared."

His mother wrung her hands. The parson prayed even more fervently that a confident,

glorious death might be granted unto this child.

"I wants t' stay with you, mamma," he sobbed, reaching out for her hand. "I'm so feared t' die."

Soon, the touch of his mother's hand quieted him; then, he seemed to feel the obligation of dying triumphantly, even as Master Goodchild had.

"Jesus loves me," he whispered.

Again he began to cry; but he set his lips to continue.

"Prepare t' meet your God," he whimpered.

Then he fell silent of weakness. The people, pressing in at the door, to watch him, caught his eye. Brave little soul that he was, he did not cry any more, lest he should dishonor the faith.

"Jesus is mighty t' save," he said, but so faintly that the ears of Priscilla Stride barely caught the words.

His mother thought to comfort him by reading from the little book he loved so well, not knowing that death had drawn so near. And so she got the little book, and opened it at the page he loved best of all, whereupon is set down Master Goodchild's last letter to his father; and she handed it to the parson to read.

"Dear and Honored Sir: The endearing expressions of your love, and kind approbation of my conduct, make me weep with joy, and fire me with a desire to deserve both," the parson read. "And I don't know how

"Leave me see the picture first, sir," said Billy, just as he had always said to his mother.

The mother lifted the child, and the parson held the picture close to his eyes:



and it comforted him, for he thought it beautiful; but he did not see it, nor needed to, for he knew it line by line.

"And I don't know how to do this better," the parson continued, reading, "than by sending you a short account of Master Ridgeway, a most amiable child and dear companion of mine, but now translated to a better country and the best company. When he was only three years of age he discovered evident marks of a work of grace in his heart. But the last two years of his life (for he was but five when he died), his piety was even more remarkable, and he ripened apace for glory. When his maid was one day covering him up in his cradle, he said, *In Heaven I shall be covered with the robe of my Redeemer's righteousness*. Just before he died he said: *This is the day of my death; it is a most delightful day*. He called for his sister, to whom he said, *Jesus loves me*; and to his nurse he said, *Prepare to meet your God*; and to the rest he said, *Jesus is mighty to save*. He frequently expressed great joy; till in the evening, a convulsion fit seized him, and proved the rough but welcome messenger sent to convey his happy spirit away. Thus, dear papa, died a young disciple, whose life and death I have no higher wish than to emulate; while I write, I am even wishing to go, too, and sister Betsy joins me in longing to pass through the gates of death into—"

"Hush, parson!" said Billy Luff's mother; "hush!"

She had watched the child's interest fade and lapse—his labored, anguished listening change into the sweet serenity of one who knows no duty but to trust. She had a dull, shadowy perception of this, that the garment and mask of Master Goodchild had been changed for the pure white holiness of childhood; and, now first, she understood that her boy was lovelier thus robbed.

"Hush!" she said again. "He've forgot

She lifted her lean, misshapen hand. Silence fell; only the sounds of evening drifted in—the rustle of the lilac bush by the window, which the breeze was rocking and hushing; the crooning twitter, and the far off, liquid cries, drifting, drifting, floating in from the red and golden glory of the evening. They listened—listened as for some strange, whispered revelation of things hidden.

"Is you here, mother?"

"Iss, laddie," she whispered.

His fingers wandered feebly over the

toil-worn hand he had caught again. They touched the crooked forefinger and passed over the rugged knuckles, feeling of each in turn, until they came to the long, rough scar on the wrist, where they lingered.

"Iss, 'tis you, mamma," he said.

A little smile hovered about his lips. He was looking at the rafters overhead, aimlessly searching the gloom there, smiling all the while. He had forgotten all about Master Goodchild—had forgotten, even, that he was now to die. He saw the night creep in long before the gloaming shadows gathered over the harbor. Long before the sun lifted its hands from the hills he saw deep night creep in where he lay. But he was not afraid any more; for he held his mother's hand tight, and knew that she would not steal away from him until he had fallen sound asleep.

"The splittin' knife slipped," he said, feeling of the scar on her wrist, "an' he cut you, when you was a little maid, warkin' in your fawther's stage."

She had often told him the story. "Iss," she said; "when I were a wee thing."

"When you wasn't no bigger'n me," he said. He smiled again at the great mystery of his mother's childhood. "Noa bigger'n me," he muttered. "'Tis so queer!"

He lay quite still, moving only his fingers, which wandered over his mother's hand. Again silence; all a-throb with the rising fret and murmur of the Black Rock breakers.

"You'll not goa down 'til I fall asleep, will you, mamma?"

"Noa, dear."

"I'm sorry you've t' bide here so long, the night; but I can't fall asleep, somehow, an' I'm feared o' the dark." Then reverting to the scar: "An' it bled a wonderful sight; an' Uncle Job bound un up with a bit o' his new shirt, an' your fawther gave un a sad scoldin for what he done, didn't um? An' Uncle Job were oan'y a little lad like me."

"Iss," she moaned; "with a bit o' his new shirt, an' he were oan'y a laddie like you."

He laughed, as he had ever done at that story—a clear, joyous laugh, but faint, and ending in a sharp sob. A quiver ran over his body, and then he was at rest again. He sighed, and turned his head. He thought he was falling asleep.

"Good-night."

She bent over and kissed him.

"Good-night," he said again. "But don't goa, mamma—just yet. I isn't—quite—asleep."

They waited a long time. The sunset failed and gave way to the dusk. Night covered the harbor water and clothed all the hills with black. The shadows trooped in.

"He've fell asleep," whispered Eleazor Manuel, at the door. "Leave us goa. Sh-h-h-h! Doan' wake un up."

Even while they tip-toed out, the parson's knowing hand stole under coverlet and crept softly to the lad's little breast, where it rested, listening.

"Even so, Lard Jesus!" he murmured, lifting up his eyes.

Then a flood of anguish broke from the mother's heart.





Clinedinst photo.

A Group of the Commonwealthers.

THE WOMAN'S COMMONWEALTH OF WASHINGTON

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

THERE never has been a time when men were satisfied with the conditions under which they lived. The many who make up the driftwood of society, grumble, and are inert; the few in their quest for a fairer outlook, work up into the heights and blaze new paths. The solution offered by the communistic ideal to the world-demand for a way to live rationally and happily speaks to some of these few with the voice of an oracle. Its spirit cries aloud for disciples, it refuses to be let alone. In that epoch just before the French Revolution, when everything seemed possible, it was a dominant cry that stirred violently the uneasy masses. Cheated of their confidently expected fruition by the new despotism of a wealthy middle class, it broke into protest. Hence, all over Europe the formation into societies of men who sought by divers schemes, under many leaders, to voice their discontent with the existing order of things, and who took steps toward the realization of their ideal.

Europe, crowded, compactly organized and autocratically governed, was impractic-

able; our own country, with its wider spaces and more plastic forms, became the practice ground of foreign socialistic theories. Many communistic settlements were actually planted, and, moreover, took root, each a conscious experiment in socialism. The development of these communes is now a matter of history. Moreover, in the memory of this generation, native American settlements, fashioned according to the socialistic ideal, have attracted widespread interest.

It is not so generally known that there has existed for years, in a small town in Texas, a native community, composed entirely of women, which is unique in the world's experiences, for it offers the spectacle of a commune, founded without socialistic theories, a growth rather than a conscious creation. And it has satisfied the craving for happiness of thirty women for more than a quarter of a century. This Woman's Commonwealth of Belton, transplanted four years ago to our capital city, might offer some suggestions to the social economist, and yet it is composed of unlettered women who probably did not know until they were

told that they were conducting a successful communistic enterprise. It has features which set it apart from all other such ventures and make it worthy of more careful investigation than it has yet received. The pursuit might seem to be unpromising, however, when the head of the colony speaks with glee of her retort to a certain college professor who wished to live among them for some time that he might study their methods.

"If you want to spend the summer here," he was told, "you may and welcome, but if

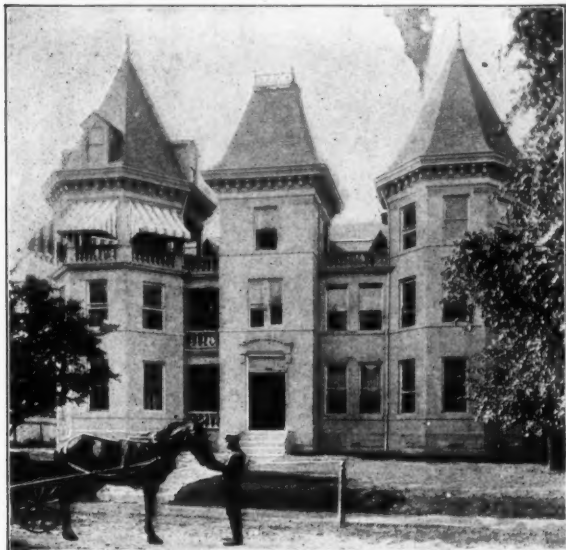
the ministrations of Methodist "circuit riders" and traveling missionaries of other denominations. The religious center of the town was the Union Sunday School, which was taught by members of all the denominations. A few earnest women who felt deeply this lack of opportunity began to hold weekly prayer meetings to which the most fervent spiritual life in the community was drawn. The leader of these meetings was Mrs. Martha McWhirter, a strong, helpful woman, who had mothered twelve children, worked hard all her life—as had all these frontier women

—and had been an enthusiastic member of the Methodist church since the age of sixteen. She became possessed of an intense conviction that the life led by the churches was not the Christian life. This overwhelming religious experience which Mrs. McWhirter herself always refers to as her "baptism" may have been the direct result of her sorrow and contrition because of family bereavement; it was certainly stimulated by an intellectual revolt from orthodox theology, the result of her eager study of the Bible.

This new thought, communicated to the other members of the meeting, became the subject of eager discussion and prayer, and ultimately quickened the women into a fervor of religious feel-

ing and an independence of thought new to the community. At first their enthusiasm was welcomed by the denominations to which they belonged, but soon the startling conclusions to which they were forced, roused the alarm of their fellow church members, and the charge of heresy was raised. Five Baptist members were formally ejected from the church, "given back their letters" the phrase goes; others were "elbowed out," and some left their denominations of their own volition.

Those mothers who had seen a new light were not willing to have their little ones taught the doctrines they repudiated. The children were withdrawn from the Union Sunday School and taught in person accord-



The Woman's Commonwealth at Mt. Pleasant, Washington, D. C.

you think you will know any more at the end of the time than now, about how we do things and why, you will be disappointed." This prophecy was probably fulfilled, for his monograph on the subject has not yet appeared.

The Commonwealth had its origin in a religious revival in a frontier town. At that time, thirty years ago, the churches were barren of spirituality and the theology as stern and narrow as in the most favored days of our Puritan forefathers. The conditions of life were hard and primitive, especially for the women; life was not as pleasant for them as in these days of Women's Clubs and Mothers' Congresses. The church facilities were few, limited practically to

ing to their own ideas. Up to this time there had not been any opposition on the part of the men, absorbed in business and taking their religion easily, but this last step aroused opposition, and they asserted their authority. Immediately every household was divided against itself. A storm and stress period followed, of which the women cannot speak to-day unmoved, but under the unswerving leadership of Mrs. McWhirter they held firm to their convictions of right. Naturally, the fervor of the women began soon to take a more dogmatic form, crystalizing finally into two doctrines, the basis of their theology to-day.



Both tenets were the result of divine revelation coming through Mrs. McWhirter, who is recognized as their prophet—faith in dreams and visions has always been a feature of the religious life of the community. The first revealed truth was the doctrine of entire sanctification which she herself had experienced. Resulting from this was a vision which warned her that the sanctified should separate from the unsanctified. The second truth was to the effect that the Bible was not to be interpreted literally; as the result of this, the sacraments, communion and baptism, were to be celebrated in spirit only. Moreover, there was no justification for sectarianism.

The second of these principles, whatever the antagonism of the orthodox church of that day would naturally have been, did little more than place them with the modern liberal religious movement. It was the first doctrine that isolated them, and was the real cause of the separation from their families when the occasion came later. Wider and wider grew the gulf where the ties had been closest, and as these women became a band of mystics, rapt, devout, more and more closely knit together, the division in their homes became unbearable.

The quarrel was promptly taken up by the community. A bitterness of feeling, incredible to us to-day, led to social ostracism, petty persecutions, even threatened violence.

Mrs. McWhirter was ordered to leave the town, her life was more than once in danger. Two workmen from England who sympathized with the "Sanctified Sisters," as they were derisively called, were visited by a mob and cruelly beaten. Through it all, unshaken, meeting the persecution which proved them elect with exaltation of spirit, the women held their way.

As a natural consequence of the differences between husbands and wives came the determination to be independent in money matters; they resolved not to accept a cent from their husbands for their personal needs. From this dates the development of the religious movement into a business corporation. Soon they were bringing to the weekly



Mrs. Martha McWhirter.

Founder and Leader of the Woman's Commonwealth.

meetings the money they had earned in such hard ways as country women know, making butter, selling eggs, weaving rag carpets, washing, etc. One energetic sister cut and hauled timber from a wood lot she owned. Some even went out to service in families where they had been welcomed as friends. Whenever these calls came there was rebellion, and tears of humiliation were shed, but regarded as necessary discipline to teach them humility, and as an opportunity to show devotion to the religion they served, they went, saying nothing but doing their work faithfully. The people who execrated their belief were glad to have their service. Everything they earned was donated to the common cause, to be drawn out as needed,

and thus gradually apart from others, and with interests of their own, they became a distinct community.

Now came the occasion for an actual separation from their homes and a common home for the sisterhood. They had accumulated money; they were ready for a larger enterprise. A dwelling belonging to one of the women had been used as a boarding-house. This they enlarged and fitted up as an inn, and moved into it themselves. There were domestic tragedies, of course. In some



A Commonwealther.

cases there were divorces, in others a voluntary separation, in all much sorrow. For a time public feeling was against them; they had no patronage. Eventually the advantages of a well-kept house and well-cooked food began to appeal to travelers, especially to that important person the drummer, and the inn became so popular that it was enlarged and finally replaced by a more pretentious building. All the work of the establishment was done by the sisters.

A time came when the "Belton Hotel Company"—for the Sanctified Sisters had become a regularly organized corporation, had accumulated money which was crying for investment. One of the first ventures was the purchase of a steam laundry, which proved profitable. Again there was money. Mrs. McWhirter, arguing that by law she had a right to half her husband's property, proceeded to build in behalf of the sisterhood a small house on a lot belonging to Mr.

McWhirter. It was well under way when he discovered it and came fuming to interrogate his wife. She was not intimidated. He threatened to pull the house down.

"Pull it down," mildly agreed Mrs. McWhirter.

"But what would I do with the timber?" he stormed.

"Move it wherever you like," his wife advised.

The house stood, and soon there was a row of houses belonging to the "Belton Investment Company"—for a new charter was necessary—peacefully occupying Mr. McWhirter's property, which Mrs. McWhirter was managing with the ease of a real-estate dealer. Another hotel was bought forty miles from Belton, and many other business enterprises were conducted by the Belton Investment Company under the direction of Mrs. McWhirter. "Everything we put our hand to prospered," to use their own phrase. The tide of public opinion was turning. During all of the bitter antagonism of their townspeople these women had gone about their work making no attempt to justify themselves. But years passed. The intolerant spirit of the earlier days died out. The Sanctified Sisters became a wealthy corporation; they could no longer be despised, be even ignored. Their head was elected a member of the city Board of Trade, an honor which had never before been conferred on a woman. When, four years ago, they were about to move their colony to Washington, D. C., the whole town begged them to remain.

A change had become desirable. The older members felt that they had earned the right to rest from hard work, the young women who had grown up with them demanded a broader outlook in life than they felt they could have in the town in which they had always lived. With the clear conception of the point of view of the other person which is characteristic of her and so rare a trait with the religious enthusiasts, Mrs. McWhirter decided to carry out their wishes. Washington was chosen as their future home; a roomy old house purchased for cash—ten thousand dollars was spent in enlarging and improving the property, and the Sanctified Sisterhood, now known as the Woman's Commonwealth, was transplanted.

In the history of the Commonwealth it has been easy to trace the influence of Mrs. McWhirter; in a community of many strong women she has always been, and is to-day, the head. There are in the colony two

marked tendencies, simple faith and shrewd common sense. That this union of usually antagonistic elements is possible is due largely to her character. In explaining why they had given up their one unprofitable enterprise, a farm, she said:

"We knew by divine revelation that it was not decreed that we should continue it, and then you see we believe in dreams and were warned that way. And then"—added as an afterthought—"we found that we didn't know how to run it." It is too much, probably, to expect of serious people that they should see the humor in this delicious compromise. After all, would we wish them to?

Mrs. McWhirter is a woman of original force and a keen mind, penetrated by a strong vein of religious mysticism. One learns much of this from her large, commanding features, from the sweetness of the occasional smile that breaks the compression of her lips, and something from her crisp, homely speech; but the story of her life is needed if we would understand the supremacy of her faith; the pathos as well as the achievement it has wrought.

She is an autocrat—a benevolent one. The women of the community have never contested her right to direct; at the age of seventy-five she is still the head. That she recognizes her fitness to rule, this characteristic incident shows:

A professor in some university asked her to establish a branch colony in Austin. "Now, what would be the use of that?" she demanded. "I couldn't keep my eye on them away off there. Before a week was out, they would be quarreling about their children." And she was right, for undoubtedly much of the success of the organization is due to her personal force and the tact and saving humor with which she faces emergencies.

The circumstances of Mrs. McWhirter's early life—her girlhood, as the daughter of a Tennessee planter, and her youthful marriage—did not tend to foster the distinctly administrative bent of her mind or her innate talent for finance.

"My father didn't know I had any mind,"



The Commonwealth at Dinner.

she says, frankly; "neither did I. That was one subject we were perfectly agreed on." The opportunity for development came with the economic growth of the Commonwealth; the necessary knowledge of business methods she seemed to acquire unconsciously. When the husband of one of the sisters died, leaving her a secret hoard which he had amassed instead of paying his debts, this newly-made financier decreed that the debts must be settled although it took every cent.

"Who reckoned the interest?" asked Mr. McWhirter.

"I did."

"How did you learn?" he demanded, in amazement.

The elements of her business success are simple. A shrewd insight into character, a quick grasp of conditions, honesty, and a firm belief in the virtue of cash transactions.

"It is odd, isn't it?" she once said to a garrulous admirer, "after two thousand years of Christianity, people come to us and wonder, because we are trying to live the life He taught." Belief with her is action. She says that is no religion that is not practical. At the same time she is a mystic, trusting implicitly in the revelations which come to her and to them all. Whatever may be the attitude toward this question, one can but reverence the strength of faith which has transfigured her life. It has led them all through tragic experiences, ruined homes, hardships, persecutions, crushing griefs, the memory of which, even the peace and contentment of these later years cannot efface.

"No one knows what we suffered," she said, looking into the fire as though she saw the past in its embers. "Household divided against household, husband against wife; wasn't it a cruel thing?" . . . A long pause. "There was my husband, an upright man, a good man. There had never been a word between us, until this came, and it divided us. We couldn't help it. One time he said to me—it was in the dead of night, but neither of us could sleep—'Martha, do you have to believe this way? Can't you find it in your heart to have some other religion that won't divide us? If you were in your grave you couldn't be farther from me.'"

"'I wish I could, husband,' I said; 'I've prayed and prayed, but the revelations keep coming, and I have to follow them.' And a stone wall grew up between us, he on one side and I on the other, and both of us loving each other. But it grew higher and higher until it hid us from each other, and we were husband and wife no longer."

The Commonwealth is now established in a roomy house just on the border between our capital city and one of its most charming suburbs, Mount Pleasant. A few years ago Kenesaw Avenue was in the country, now the city is encroaching upon it. By an interesting coincidence the place was formerly owned by Major Willard A. Saxton, who was one of the dwellers in Brook Farm years ago.

The first impression of the Commonwealth is of a quaint mixture of city and country. The house itself, a dignified brick structure, painted a cold gray, presents its austere front flanked by two octagonal towers. Around it, however, is a spacious lawn made cheerful with plants and flowering fruit trees and shaded by more fine old trees. If you pass the high fence which divides the grounds you find yourself in an old-fashioned vegetable garden, a model garden with trim rows of plants the delight of these simple, country-bred women, and the special pride of her whose care it is. The vegetables

which it furnishes for their own use as well as for the neighbors, may well commend it to their affection. At the back of the property is an immaculate stable and barnyard, tenanted by a horse and two cows under the guardianship of a colored youth who followed them from Texas. All

of the butter used in their housekeeping is made by the sisters, and they have enough milk and buttermilk to supply a limited outside demand. Some of the dwellers in Mount Pleasant find that a glass of fresh buttermilk and a little chat with the tranquil sister who supplies it is a pleasant end to an evening stroll. She would be apt to tell them how, when she found there was a demand for buttermilk, she had harnessed the horse to the old surrey and peddled it herself. A populous hen-house is under the care of another sister, who takes

the most affectionate interest in the welfare of her tenants, an interest rewarded by the snug sum realized for the common purse by the sale of surplus eggs.

There is also a cistern which supplies deliciously pure water. As the visitor satisfies his thirst with a dipperful fresh from the brimming pail and finds it strangely different from the Potomac brew, he fails to realize that he is not in some farmhouse miles away.

The interior of the house is comfortable, but not beautiful. One would hardly expect women of their type and experience to have developed an art sense; moreover, any attention to the things that please the eye is opposed to their code; it belongs to the world. The rooms of the young girls show some outputting of feminine taste, but otherwise it is purely utilitarian. In the parlor alone is there some concession to conventional standards. There in the naive language of a newspaper reporter, "an expensive set of parlor furniture is arranged prettily."

There are thirty women in the colony at present. Every day come applications, which are usually refused. It is felt that a residence with them is possible only where



there is kinship of spirit. "This is not a refuge," they say. Every class of independent women is represented, the divorced, widows, spinsters—and at least three pretty young girls whom that term does not seem to describe. They are all enjoying the change to what they feel is the fuller life of Washington. "This is living," said one of the young girls, most emphatically. The two grandchildren of Mrs. McWhirter, and one great-grandchild prevent oppressive quiet, and just now one young man, a grandson, represents an apparently almost extinct sex. But he is here only temporarily. "Oh, yes, we have had men among us," they say; "they are welcome if they are willing to live the life we do. But they never stay very long. You see it is in the nature of men to want to boss—and— Well, they find they can't." At which all the sisters nod their heads.

All of the domestic work is done in rotation, each woman performing a certain task for a week. Almost all the needs of the Commonwealthers can be supplied within their own limits, for there is a dentist who presides over a properly terrifying chair and mysterious instruments of evil fame; a cobbler who mends their shoes, and even does outside work; a seamstress; beside the gentle autocrat of the hen-house and vegetable garden. The sisterhood has pervaded the neighborhood with an air of triumph. As regularly as the rotation of the mince pie, fruit cake, and preserving seasons, the houses in the vicinity are visited by busy women taking orders. One Mount Pleasant housekeeper was so fascinated by the sweet face of her visitant that she braved dyspepsia for her whole household by the size of her order for pleasing Christmas indigestibles. (In view of all this activity it is interesting to note that they consider that they are only resting at present; they have not decided what their work in Washington is to be. That will be made known to them in good time.) All the domestic machinery runs smoothly and

that without written rules, and with but one or two tacitly accepted regulations. The sisters affirm without hesitation that their common religious life is what holds them together. "It is in our nature to rebel," they say, "but we recognize the will of God and submit." Moreover, they have no patience with undisciplined spirits that find unity impossible.

"We had been looking for a place to put some surplus money where it would do good," Mrs. McWhirter told a visitor. "Some one had interested us in an Old Women's Home, when we went to look at it, do you know what we found? Every old woman there had to have her own stove and cook her meals in her own room because they fought so if they ate together. Old rats!" she burst out, with a flash of humorous indignation, "carrying their food to their holes to eat it alone! We made up our minds we didn't want to give our money to any Old Women's Home."

In the morning the sitting-room is turned into a school for the children taught by one of the sisters, and no one who has been edified by hearing the youngest, a boy of three, gravely list the signs of the zodiac, could doubt the thoroughness of the curriculum. At night the seniors have their own school, for, they say very humbly, "We are unlettered women and are trying to learn."

The formal religious observances of the colony center in the prayer-meeting; but there is absolute freedom in attending churches of any denomination. The day of extremes has passed; the only peculiarity to-day in their religious system is its entire absence of dogma, its insistence upon spirit

rather than form, and its charity to those who differ. To be sure, they practice celibacy themselves and consider it the ideal state, but they make no attempt to force their views upon others. In this, as in everything, there is an entire absence of the proselyting spirit. There is the same freedom from constraint in the organization of the Commonwealth. Any one who wishes to leave the community



is at liberty to do so, although she must forfeit any property she may have brought to the common fund. On the other hand, a certain penniless woman, who seemed to be a desirable addition to the colony, was given five hundred dollars to bring herself and her children across the continent, and when, years later, circumstances arose which made it seem best for her to leave, the same sum was furnished for her return. In all things they are guided by the divine will. They have no definite plans for the perpetuation of the colony—in fact, they seem scarcely concerned about it. When the time comes the revelation they are awaiting will teach them.

If the communistic experiments are reviewed which have been made in our country it will be found that they divide themselves into two classes. In the first and larger group, which includes the settlements of the Harmonists, Separatists, Shakers, the Oneida Perfectionists and others, are men and women who are leading the communistic life in order to hold certain theological dogmas condemned by the churches and the world at large. Composed as these colonies were, chiefly of German and English working classes, when religious enthusiasm had brought them together, the ordered industrial system of the commune created great material prosperity. Yet in every case these societies are on the decrease. In some cases four or five persons are the surviving inheritors of a great property.

The flaw seems to have been, not in communism as an economic system, but in the narrow and distorted religious or social tenets which revolt the younger generation. Many of these extreme or perverted views, having been struck out in the heat of some temporary religious controversy, that crisis past, lack the vitality for growth. There is no room within their limits for progress. In an interesting article on "Communistic Experiments in the United States," by Mr. Arthur Henry, which appeared in *AINSLIE'S* for January, 1900, he says that, "The ideal"—which means the possible—"community is the one which, if established anywhere, would gradually widen its borders until it filled the world."

In the second class we find only two communities to consider, the Icarians, at first in one settlement at Nauvoo, Illinois, later split in two, and the marvelous experiment at Brook Farm. In both of these cases the germinative force was the socialistic ideal. Both can be traced back to the communistic

theories rife in France at the time of the French Revolution. The members in each case were men and women of high intelligence and great individualism. In both colonies was there the broadest spirit of religious tolerance. Neither proved successful. In Icaria there was conflict which prevented industrial unity; in Brook Farm the lack of practical knowledge in its brilliant men and women, the very ideality of their purposes, proved the ruin of the community.

In attempting to bring the Woman's Commonwealth into line with the larger socialistic experiments of this country little difficulty is found in relating it to the first class, rather than to the second. The fervent religious movement which was its origin, the belief in celibacy resulting from it, its composition of women accustomed to practical activity, its financial success, all point to its kinship with the Shakers and like communities. There was no socialistic demand for reform present at its inception, its members are devoted women ready to follow a common leadership.

But it differs from the first class in important particulars, its spirit of tolerance, the lack of proselyting zeal, its willingness to adapt itself to new conditions, and the lack of provision for its continuance. It also differs from both classes—thus from all communistic experiments in this country—in two points; its membership is predominantly of women, and its organization is due, not to a theory, but to the practical necessities of the women composing it.

Two questions stand out from many and demand answer: Is the Woman's Commonwealth a true commune? and, Will it last? To the first there seems but one answer. The very fact that it is a Woman's Commonwealth prevents it from representing the socialistic family idea. As to the question of its perpetuity, one must hesitate. It is never easy to prophesy. It is wanting in those elements which have destroyed similar communities, and no one could fear their splitting on the rock that proved fatal to Brook Farm. They are eminently practical. And yet the absence of these dangers should not make one over-confident; there are elements here never before present. One menace is the predominance of its founder. If, however, another adequate leader be chosen and the women adhere to their strong religious simplicity, the Commonwealth may survive this generation. For such a community will naturally appeal to those women, who, like the founders, have tried the ordi-

nary life and found it wanting, or to those who have no desire to test it. To these it offers an active life, with harmony, the possibility of an independent, yet sheltered

existence. The ease with which a return to other methods of life can be effected prevents its bonds from galling and the earnest religious spirit will assure peace.

TWILIGHT

By ARTHUR STRINGER

By her cold ashes Twilight sits and broods,
For at her door some mystic shadow falls,
And round her eaves from woodland solitudes
Come long-forgotten voices of the past,
To fill again Life's immemorial walls
With songs forlorn of sound, until at last
Some lonely bird-pipe sings them all to sleep.
Then thro' the gathering dusk the after-glow
Down slowly in the West begins to creep,
And one remembering robin, clear and low,
Across the glimmering silence wakes and calls

I, too, O twilight bird, I, too, have felt
This unknown sense of sorrow troubling thee,
Who fills the gloom where noonday silence dwelt
With magic strains of grieving melody!
I, too, have watched the dim, far, golden West,
And strangely felt that spirit touch, but I
Could never throw, as thou, this old unrest
In one impassioned outburst to the sky!

Miles and miles and miles
Of dreaming waters and half-waning hills,
Where down the gloom sad sea-born Venus smiles
Through Evening's altar-smoke that idly fills
The lowland vales, and falls along the lake.
Then in the whispering pines the night winds wake,
But still the wild-bird sings some old despair,
And still its echoing cadence swells and creeps
And falls along the dusk, and sea and air
Sigh outward thro' the gloaming's silver bars,
And lulled by twilight sounds, the old world sleeps
Beneath the stars!

EMERGENCY FOODS

By H. E. ARMSTRONG

ON the morning of July 3, 1898, Secretary of War Alger sent this dispatch to General Shafter's headquarters in the field near El Poso: "If you could hold your present position, especially San Juan heights, the effect upon the country would be much better than falling back." Twenty-six minutes before this significant message was put on the wire a dispatch had been received from General Shafter which filled the President and his advisers with consternation. It intimated that the commanding general thought seriously of withdrawing his victorious army "to high ground about five miles in the rear," because of the difficulty of getting up rations by pack mule trains. The commissary department of the army had no emergency rations among its stores in 1898, as it has to-day. No American general would now think of falling back from an advanced position because he could not feed his men.

The Fifth Army Corps would have been spared a great deal of suffering on the first two days of July if each soldier had carried into battle two of the canisters containing the emergency ration which has been adopted since the Spanish War. On embarking at Port Tampa the men should have had in their kits half a dozen such rations. The ability to hold the heights of San Juan would not then have depended upon the desperate chance of Chief Commissary Weston unloading and rushing to the front enough bacon, beef, hardtack and coffee to mitigate the pangs of hunger. "To him," wrote General Shafter, "perhaps I am more indebted than to any other officer for the successful issue of our operations."

The War Department did not have an emergency ration in 1898 because it had not followed the example of the European offices and made a proper test of condensed foods. There had been experiments, but they had come to nothing, and army surgeons had studied the question and made earnest recommendations which were not heeded. One test made in 1895 had turned out badly, and probably that failure gave emergency rations a bad name. On September 10, four officers

and fifty-five men, forming Company H, of the Seventh United States Infantry, Captain George S. Young commanding, marched out of Fort Logan, Colorado, with a five days' supply of a ration which was to be thoroughly tested under the eye of Captain Louis A. La Garde, who afterward distinguished himself as the medical officer in charge of the hospital at Siboney. Now, while the American soldier looks askance at any substitute for the substantial portion of energy-making food which the Government allows him each day, this expedition left Fort Logan in high spirits. A five days' "hike" in the mountains of Colorado in the month of September, with its tonic air, its magic dawns, and golden sunsets, was so much like a military picnic, and in such striking contrast to the monotony of post life that even the liberties that were to be taken with the digestive organs of the men did not dismay them.

The ration to be tried consisted of two-ounce bean-soup tablets made by a California firm, a bacon component put up in three-quarter-pound tins by a Kansas City packing company, a cracker of whole-wheat grain weighing four and a half ounces, and a two-drachm coffee tablet prepared by a Detroit chemist. After a march of ten miles the "dough boys," as infantry are called, went into camp at Turkey Creek with orders to consume a soup tablet, a whole-wheat cracker and the coffee component. Afterward the line of march was taken up again. By two o'clock in the afternoon the command was straggling among the boulders very sick at its stomach and as completely done up as if it had been poisoned. Some of the men writhed in pain, and their breath came in quick gasps. Among the sick was the surgeon, Captain La Garde, but he managed to keep his head up and prescribe for the victims of the emergency ration. It was tried again spasmodically by officers and men who, in the intervals, fortified themselves with the regular ration, but La Garde had to report it an absolute failure. "I believe," he said, "that the cause of sickness after the use of the concentrated bean soup

was primarily due to fermentation from the liberation of ptomaines." He was also of the opinion that the bran of the whole-wheat biscuit irritated the stomach and was not assimilated. The experiment was a knock-out for that particular emergency ration.

To-day the United States Army has an emergency ration which is superior to any condensed food used by European armies and is admirably suited to the purpose of sustaining the soldier's strength for at least five days, which was the longest period that any large body of Federal troops was detached from a supply base during the Civil War. The occasion was the fighting about Chancellorsville. This emergency ration consists of three cakes of evaporated lean beef and kiln-dried wheat mixed together and three cakes of chocolate and sugar, half and half. A satisfactory test was made of it in November, 1901. On the fifth of the month a detachment of twenty-five enlisted men of the Eighth Cavalry, Captain S. W. Fountain, of that regiment; Captain F. W. Foster, of the Fifth Cavalry; Captain J. D. Poindexter, Assistant Surgeon; Ben Clark, a guide, and four civilian teamsters, left Fort Reno, Oklahoma, for a five days' march. A set of questions had been framed to elicit the effect of the ration on the physical condition of the men, and the answers may be found in a Government report. Here, for instance, is the statement of Captain F. W. Foster: "I lived exclusively on the emergency ration during the five days' trial. It had no effect whatever on my health and strength; I felt just as well and was apparently in the same physical condition as when living on ordinary food. Usually, after the day's march was over I spent several hours walking and hunting, and felt no symptoms of exhaustion, and experienced no more fatigue than during the time I was subsisting on the ordinary ration. I never suffered from hunger, but at mealtimes always had a good appetite, and the food was palatable to the last day. As far as my physical condition would indicate I could apparently have subsisted exclusively on this ration for an indefinite time."

The answers of the private soldiers were uniformly favorable. For instance, Private W. E. Smith said: "The ration has satisfied my hunger; it has kept up my strength. I feel able to perform all duty. I have felt no ill effects after eating it, except a little headache one day. I lived exclusively on the emergency ration during the five days' trial. It had no effect whatever on my

health and strength. It was palatable all the time I was eating it. It never disagreed with me, and I was not sick. My physical condition was just the same all the way through. I couldn't tell any change—in fact, I feel better now than when I went out."

No better evidence is needed of the wholesomeness and staying quality of this emergency food than the fact that the men's weight scarcely varied at all during the five days' march. The net loss for the whole command was only seven and a half pounds. Each officer and man was weighed in his underclothing every day, a set of scales having been taken along for that purpose.

Two other rations which had been offered for experiment by private firms were also put to the test in November, 1901, and by the same troop of cavalry and officers. One ration consisted of three cakes of mixed bacon, evaporated beef, pea meal, hard bread, and evaporated potatoes and onions, flavored with salt, pepper and celery seed. There was also a cake of compressed tea in the package, which weighed sixteen ounces. The cakes could be eaten raw, or could be made into a stew or soup. The greater variety of foods in this ration commended it to the attention of the War Department, but it did not stand the severe test. Frequently the men complained of hunger, and some of them felt weak and sluggish. Twenty-eight who subsisted on the ration during the five days lost 144 pounds. Even Captain F. W. Foster, a robust man, who brought his will power to bear on the problem, had to confess that the ration did not agree with him to the end of the test. "I walked and hunted several hours every day after getting into camp," he said, "as in the previous trial. I never suffered from hunger, and my strength kept up until the fourth day. On that day I was unable to eat all the food, as my stomach had grown tired of it. On that day and the next evening I felt weak and badly. As long as I could eat the food I felt well and strong, although constantly losing weight." The taste of this emergency food was agreeable—there was unanimity of opinion on that point—but it did not fortify and produce a feeling of satiety and satisfaction for more than a short time after the meal. Private Goodlake, questioned on the third day, said: "It has not kept up my strength. I am weak all the time. I don't feel like walking even. Yesterday afternoon in putting up the tents I was so weak I could hardly get around. I don't feel able to per-

form all duty. I am a blacksmith, and I couldn't go into the shop and do a day's work."

The ingredients of the third ration are not given in the report of these experiments, possibly out of consideration for the Chicago packing company by which it was furnished, for, while palatable enough, it was so inadequate that the troop became demoralized. Frantic with hunger, the men swapped tobacco with hunters for biscuits, surreptitiously ate parched corn, and in one instance a soldier gorged himself on two cans of potted ham which he bought of an Indian. Most of the men "were reduced to a pitiable state of weakness."

To make assurance doubly sure, a second test was made of ration No. 1, fifty-six men being taken out on a five days' march. Some of them had tried all three rations. Actual service conditions were observed "to determine beyond question whether a command could safely undertake such a campaign provided with this ration alone." The total loss of the fifty-six troopers on this march was only six pounds, less than two ounces per man. Thereupon the ration was adopted by the War Department. The powdered beef and wheat can be eaten cold, when it is pleasant to the taste; or it can be made into a soup or stew, when it makes a good meal. The writer has tried it in this latter form, and found it agreeable and satisfying. The chocolate-sugar cake is of prime quality, and serves for dessert, or makes a grateful beverage. A man must needs be a soldier or a lumberman to consume the whole of this ration in a day. Its weight is one pound, and with the can a pound and five ounces. In the end of the can, which is 2½ by 1½ by 6½ inches and oval in shape, is a paper of salt and pepper for extra seasoning. A key attached opens it, but it is not to be opened except on the order of an officer. The credit for getting up this admirable ration belongs to the army. In another form it is what the Indian or Mexican takes with him on a long journey—a bag of "pinole," or parched grain, a piece of jerked beef and a cake of native sugar. This was the diet on which General Crook used to feed his soldiers when a raid had to be made on an Apache camp. The Indian or the Mexican did not know the chemical properties of his pinole, jerked beef or sugar cake. He had never heard of protein, carbohydrates, or calories, and would probably have been surprised to learn how much water there was in his beef and

grain before they were dried and parched. But the board of officers appointed, with Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Dempsey as president, to report upon a ration, had to consider the question from a scientific point of view. They had to study the tables of Voit and Atwater and Moleschott and determine what calories, or force value, the ration should have, and what combination of foods would supply it. They examined the table of Parkes for calculating diets, and read up on the experiments of Fick and Wislicenus. Statistics on the subject are voluminous. The key to the problem was proteids, a general name for the albumenoids. Proteids form muscle and give energy. On a diet lacking them a man could not exist—he would waste and die. They are found in meat and vegetables, but in the first are more digested. Besides proteids, the ration must contain fat and carbohydrates (sugar, starch, etc.) Fat serves as a fuel to the human machine, and carbohydrates are converted into fat by assimilation. The board decided that the emergency ration should contain at least 118 grams of protein "and the largest possible amounts of fat and carbohydrates that can be combined to form a nourishing, easily-digested food." Beef, beans, or peas offered the most protein, but for the reason given above beef was selected. More than seventy-five per cent. of parched wheat consists of carbohydrates. Chocolate contains 48.7 per cent. of fat, of carbohydrates 30.3 per cent., and of protein 12.9 per cent., besides a small amount of salt. Sugar is all carbohydrates. The latter two components were easily procured. To make the ration light and compact it was necessary to dessicate the beef, which in its fresh state contains 73.8 per cent. of water. Salt, which is essential to food, is found in all the components, except sugar. The dried beef (lean because it keeps better) and the wheat were ground fine and mixed together. Thus was produced a ration in small bulk which will satisfy a healthy man and sustain his strength. Properly canned, it will keep sweet in any climate.

While the board was experimenting it was overwhelmed with specimens of condensed foods. If you visit the "sample room" in the Army Building, in New York, Colonel D. L. Brainard will show you a varied assortment of "ideas." One of them is a can within a can, the whole as big as a dinner pail. The inner receptacle holds the materials for a stew, the outer is packed with lime. Punch holes through the lime

compartment, pour water in, and in fifteen minutes you have a hot stew. But is the soldier a beast of burden that he should carry such an emergency ration?

The manufacture of condensed or concentrated foods for explorers, engineers and sportsmen, as well as for soldiers and sailors, is becoming an important industry. A great many chemists are at work on the problem of reducing the weight of sustaining food to a minimum and compressing it into a space which admits of a large amount being carried into the wilderness or into the enemy's country by an individual. The fact that the demand for these goods is growing accounts for the readiness of capital to invest in experiments. The Germans were pioneers in the search for the best emergency food. It was a long time before their successes were known in this country. One of them is Erbswurst, the "iron ration," first used by Prince Frederick Charles in the war with France. The German soldiers lived and fought on it for days at a time. "The success of the German army during the Franco-Prussian conflict of 1870," says Professor Charles H. Snow, of New York University, "has been largely attributed to the use of this substance." Erbswurst is composed of pea meal ground up with small particles of fat and bacon. It was the invention of Grunberg, a cook, whose secret consisted in preserving the legume from decay. He sold it to the Government for \$25,000. He should have received ten times the amount, for it has put strength and spirit into thousands of soldiers weakened and depressed by exposure and hardships. General Erbswurst has won many a battle and withstood sieges. The stuff is made by Knorr, of Heilbronn, is saffron in color and put up in cylindrical paper packages eight inches long and one and a half in diameter, weighing seven ounces. It makes twelve plates of an appetizing soup and sells at retail for seventeen cents. Erbswurst may not be quite as palatable as soup prepared from fresh split peas, but hunters and explorers prefer it because of its superior nutritive qualities. Analyses show that it contains a sufficient quantity of protein, carbohydrates, fats and mineral salts to meet the requirements of a daily food allowance when biscuits, or rice, are added. Heilbronn is also celebrated for a certain soup tablet, two by two inches by half an inch in size in paper and weighing three and one-half ounces. The following varieties are sold: Pea, bean, lentil, potato, barley, green kern, rice, farina, tapioca,

julienne, onion and sago. Each tablet makes five plates, and the price is ten cents retail. Evaporated vegetables put up in one-pound cans are also made at Heilbronn, and concentrated eggs, a half-kilo tin containing the substance of sixty-seven eggs in the form of a yellow powder.

Raffauf, of Coblenz, puts up twelve bouillon capsules in a little tin less than three inches long, which are a food as well as a stimulant. Most beef extracts contain no nourishment, or so little that a dog can live on them only a few days. Liebig, the great chemist, had to confess that beef extracts were not nourishing, as a rule. Thousands of invalids have been starved to death on them by doctors who did not know their chemical properties. This same Raffauf has a concentrated coffee tablet, twenty to a small tin; but the trouble with coffee tablets made anywhere—and our own chemists have experimented—is that the full aroma is not always retained. The famous Northwestern Mounted Police, of Canada, use a tea tablet instead, divisible into eight half-ounce pieces, the tablet weighing a quarter of a pound, the size 5½ inches by 1½ by 1. The French have a coffee tablet prepared according to the "Martin-des-Rosier" process, and sold in hermetically sealed tins weighing one ounce and affording two cups, the size of the tin 2 by 2½ inches. This was used in the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar expedition. The aroma is said to be retained.

"The condensed foods for emergency rations," says Professor Harvey W. Wiley, Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture, "are all prepared on the principle that the water which natural foods contain, and which adds so much to their bulk, may be removed and the resulting desiccated mass pressed into a hard cake without materially interfering with the nutritive value and with only a slight decrease in palatability." With the water eliminated, a large quantity of nourishment occupies a comparatively small space, but it must be admitted that there is some loss of flavor and a change from the natural color. Professor Wiley has recently patented a process for overcoming this difficulty. In his specification he says: "I have discovered that it is possible to preserve the saccharine and other valuable properties of vegetable matter and to also preserve the odor, color and flavor by first sterilizing the material (properly comminuted, when necessary), but without desiccation, and when compressing the mass into a block, layer, or bale, in

which the particles are held so intimately together as not to be affected deleteriously by germs. I may carry out my invention in connection with many vegetable products—as India corn, sorghum, and various fruits and vegetables, as potatoes, apples, or beans, and with cereals or with flour made from cereals.”

Some valuable analyses of condensed foods have been made at the Agricultural Experiment Station, Orono, Maine, by Director Charles D. Woods. The samples came from England, France, Germany and the United States, and included the English Blue and Red rations or cartridges, containing dried meats mixed with vegetables; an arctic food put up by a Minneapolis company; a beef-vegetable stew made in Jersey City; a “complete meat food” with a London brand; the French pain-de-guerre; the Passaic emergency rations; and German preparations for hospital and invalid uses, which contain proteids almost to the exclusion of fats and carbohydrates. Professor Woods prints tables showing the weight of the foods with and without the cover and the fuel value of one pound of each. Of the English cartridges and the Passaic rations, both of which contain the nutriment of meats and certain vegetables, he says: “They appear to be good articles, and when prepared according to directions would probably furnish appetizing dishes, subject, of course, to the limitations common to all canned goods.” Professor Woods then takes the dietary standards of Atwater and Moleschott, which declare the grams of protein, fats and carbohydrates that make an adequate diet for men at work, and tests the various condensed foods by them. Moleschott estimates that the European’s food should weigh 540 grams, or about one and one-fifth pounds of dry matter, per day, and have a fuel value of 2,680 calories. Atwater’s estimate for the American is thirty per cent. higher. Professor Woods finds that none of the emergency foods satisfies the Moleschott standard, not to speak of the Atwater. “No ration containing less than one and a half pounds of dry matter,” he says, “can supply the waste of the active adult human body.” Yet the emergency ration of the United States army weighs only a pound and has a fuel value of 1,955 calories.

A curiosity in condensed food is the French pain-de-guerre, 2½ inches by 1, weight two ounces. Soaked in water, it swells like a sponge and then has the ap-

pearance of soft bread. It is strong in carbohydrates and has some proteid value. Out in San Francisco there is a tube ration which weighs three and one-half ounces, two tubes being sufficient for a day’s subsistence. It is claimed that any article of food can be preserved in the tube, which is of stiff tarred paper. Powdered codfish, ground beef and turkey, rice, corn, potato, coffee, cocoa and tea, each component wrapped in paraffine paper, have been tried in this ration with satisfactory results. The case is cylindrical, 6 inches by 1½. A good emergency food, although monotonous, is the Australian pemmican, prepared, according to a secret process, by Dr. J. Bancroft, of Queensland, for the British army. It consists of beef mixed with fat and is flavored with beef extract, four ounces having the nourishment of a pound of fresh beef. It is put up in tins 2 by 2½ inches, and keeps in any climate, even after being opened. Saccharine as a substitute for sugar is only to be recommended for sweetening beverages, two grains being equal to one ounce of sugar. It is not a stimulant like sugar.

The list of concentrated foods for emergency use is growing longer every year. Some are intended to sustain a strong man while doing hard work with his muscles in the open, and they stand the test pretty well; and others, claiming much, do no more than blunt the edge of appetite. Advertisements of the latter discourse suspiciously about the proteids. One thing is certain: An emergency food must have some bulk to satisfy the appetite and meet the demands of nature’s process. A pill or a pellet contrived by a chemist will do neither. On this point Major Charles E. Woodruff, Surgeon, U. S. A., says:

“A certain amount of indigestible material is necessary for the digestive organs. They are not fitted for digesting food all of which can be dissolved. There must be an undigested residue to keep the intestines active, and the stomach itself must have a certain bulk of material to work on, or it will be inefficient. No doubt, in future ages, when the earth is so overpopulated as to be unable to grow enough food for man, we may be compelled to make our food synthetically in the laboratory, and by that time our stomachs and intestines may be far less in size and capable of digesting such condensed foods, but that is very far off, and for the present we can not subsist on such articles for any prolonged periods without deterioration of health.”



"Finnigan glanced it over, while the brakeman was getting the switch open."

THE NETHER STONE

By FRANK R. ROBINSON

Author of "The Holy Fly."

THE sheet of paper dropped at Finnigan's feet, from the swirl of dust in the wake of the directory special, and Finnigan picked it up and glanced it over, while the brakeman was getting the switch open.

Some capital letters, familiar in arrangement to his manual of officialdom, attracted his attention, and he read the brief message, while the cars were passing, and thrusting the slip of paper in his ticket pocket, caught the rear platform railing and swung lightly aboard.

Once on the main and rolling cheerily along, he covertly withdrew the slip and again perused it.

"Land Gregory!" he muttered, confusedly. "This beats me—Gregory. Only one Gregory on earth that I know of. Here's a Chinese puzzle!"

The missive was written on the general superintendent's office letterhead, and the sheet had evidently been dropped or blown from one of the cars comprising the directory special, the complement of which included all the prominent officials of the road. It read thus:

"W. B. H.—You have what you ask for and you know who got it for you. Three months and no returns. Keep your word. Land Gregory—M. L. N."

Simple in construction, direct and concise, yet Finnigan, usually apt at conception, studied these sentences perplexedly.

The signature was readily enough applied.

M. L. N. stood for Martin L. Norman, private secretary to General Superintendent Caton, and W. B. Holly, the recently-appointed roundhouse foreman at Ixonia Shops, was apparently the person addressed, but—"Gregory!" repeated Finnigan, "Old Jim! Land Gregory!" and he pondered, with a frown of uneasiness.

Gregory was an engineer—a passenger man—safe, steady and speedy, old only in experience and affectionate reference.

"What would Norman want to land Jim for?" cogitated Finnigan, reflectively, "an' how did this 'ere penwiper come to clash wid a first-class locomotive runner, that's what I'd like to know? An' what will I do wid this certificate? There's a question! Norman won't get it back, there's a cinch! An' Holly, ye mushroom, ye'll not see it, either. Not on your life! Jim? Well, let's see—H'm! Land Gregory! Sweet chord, ain't it? Land Finnigan! Sounds different in your own home. No, I rather guess not. Jim might scatter things and hurt himself. Can't be too careful in a deal like this. Slams both ways, like a sanctuary door. This sort of news is bad for the circulator. Holly! Now, here's Holly right in division supervision. Yes. Plum before the gun. Powers o' Mulcahy, I have it!"

"Barton!" called the brakeman.

The conductor chuckled, as he followed his coadjutor into the head coach. "The very thing!" he muttered, with an air of satis-

faction. "Be a pleasant deal to watch, too. Wells," to the brakeman, "lady with twins back there gets off at Dorsey. Work 'em toward the door before the train stops, if ye can. We're going to need every odd second 'gainst Number Five."

"You might take a chance on that happy family yourself," grumbled the brakeman, "unloading twins always is a five-minute job."

"G'wan now, I ain't a domestic man!" retorted Finnigan. "That's in your department. An', say, me bucko," he continued, indicating a cluster of lanterns, occupying a place on the floor, "them lanterns look as if ye cleaned 'em wid a broom. We ain't on freight, now. We're representing the chivalry o' the road. Jest fling a little waste at them lamps sometime when ye ain't too busy."

"I guess you're afraid I won't earn my salary," returned Wells, with a tinge of scorn.

"Naw, I ain't afraid, I know ye won't," responded the conductor. "But it's my own fault. I've indulged ye. On freight I wouldn't let you soil your lily-white hands, and now I'm expecting ye won't want to call stations pretty soon, for fear you might injure your baritone voice. Tell ye right now, I've a good mind to trade ye off to George Clayton, an' then you'll work all right. I can see ye now in me mind's eye, carrying round a feather duster, making tea for the ladies and exercising Clayton's dogs," and Finnigan laughed at the vision his fancy had conjured.

"Dogs!" snorted Wells, incredulously.

"Sure," affirmed the conductor; "where do ye keep yourself not to know about Clayton's new kennel? He carries it right along wid him in the baggage car. There's a 'ristocratic old sport for ye!"

"'Ristocratic pin-head!" responded the brakeman. "Kennel! Well, if that ain't a weird note!"

"You'd think so if ye had to care for them dogs, like Bill Lucas, that brakes for Old George, has to."

"Huh, I see myself!" ejaculated the brakeman, defiantly.

"It's part o' Bill's regular duty to lead them dogs up an' down Melville platform," resumed Finnigan; "but last week he was off sick an' Trent Ward worked in his place, an' that boy turned a new trick on old George. Ha! ha!" chuckled Finnigan.

"What was it?" asked the brakeman.

"Coming into Melville," continued Finni-

gan, "Clayton held Trent up in an aisle, front of all the passengers. 'Here, boy,' says he, swelling out like a toad, 'git my dogs out of the baggage car an' give 'em a good run, while we stop for lunch.'

"Trent was so flustered that he called Marengo instead of Melville, but he went after the dogs all right. 'Pass 'em out,' says he to Clayton's baggage man. 'I'll exercise 'em proper.'

"Cleary's engine was just starting for the south end, and Trent asked the crew when they was comin' back. 'Right away,' says Parker, 'soon as I can git them two coal flats.' 'Let her go,' says Trent, tying the dogs—a bunch of three—to the goose neck and climbin' onto the board.

"Cleary pulled wide open and them dogs certainly hustled. Comin' back, Trent reversed 'em to the rear flat, and they did the second half mile better'n goin'.

"Clayton come out o' the station jest as they passed on the homestretch, and he yelled like an Indian. Trent brought 'em back wid their tongues draggin' on the ground.

"'Them's fast dogs,' says he, 'but this 'ere sorrel ought to have on interferin' straps. He strikes when he tries to pace.'

"'Ye condemn idiot,' roars Clayton, 'what ye tryin' to do, kill my dogs? Put 'em back in the car!'

"'Thought ye told me to speed 'em,' says Trent, 'you better hire a regular jockey.'

"Trent's a marvel," rejoined Wells. "I heard he nailed the Old Man to let him go firing, an' Wayland said he was pretty light to handle a scoop, but maybe he'd think about it. Then he up and asked Trent what he'd been doing with his pay, and Trent told him how he'd supported a mother and sister, and was givin' his brother a college education; but, says he, 'Mr. Wayland, I've got most of the money barreled up in our cellar.'"

The conductor laughed. "Poor old Wayland!" he remarked, reflectively, his features softening; "did ye notice how mournful he looked to-day at Ixonia, crawling about on his cane? Must have hurt him to see the directors cavortin' over his division an' he counted out. I felt sorry for him, myself, an' many's the time he's flailed me on the carpet. We used to think he cut rough, but, Lord! he was like your papa. Any malingerin' tale u'd satisfy him. Hot box—slow track—weak truck—broke in two. Bless you, he liked to hear excuses. The last of the old school, Wells, an' we're goin'

to miss him. Poor old boy! 'Bout one more shock will finish him."

"Only make room for Strand," suggested Wells, cheerfully. "An' we all know what Strand is."

"Yes, and there ye touch the hot chord!" returned Finnigan. "Now we've got a dearth o' active officials, ain't we? Wayland paral'tic an' Caton—what? Who's general superintendent? Caton, you'll say. There's the title, truth for ye, but who blows the horn? Who gets up them queer, soul-harrowin' General Office circulars? Norman, be gad! There's the stepson o' the road, an' he don't know no more about practical railroadin' than you do about the Moslem sect. Influence over again, once more. There's Norman in the directory. Now, what does our Martin stand for? Not Caton's job. It'd be a forlorn joke to put him there. What's he ridin' over this division every other day for? 'Cause it's his inheritance, that's why."

The note of a prolonged whistle smote the air. "Dorsey, by thunder!" exclaimed the conductor. "Faith, Wells, I believe you'd talk all night, if I'd listen to ye. Hustle back and gather up your twins. I'll watch out for this coach."

As the train rolled into Portal, late in the evening, Finnigan, taking advantage of the bustle incident to the discharge of baggage, contrived to slip adroitly in the company's mail sack, a large manilla envelope, with an address printed carefully thereon.

"This will go back on Number Four," he mused, his lips pursed in a satisfied smile. "I'd like to see his face when he reads it. Sufferin'! but this is goin' to be a pleasant deal to watch."

Autumn came, following the summer of liberal outlay in Middle Division latitude. Hills were being leveled and depressions filled. Steam shovels were delving day and



"We ain't on freight now. We're representing the chivalry o' the road."

night, worming out a path for the new allotment. Gravel spurs, temporary parallels, work trains and a swarm of laborers in two shifts, swelling the pay-roll. Extra repairs and the commissary, additional claims for approval, men and power for operating provided, ordered from the throne, but replevined at division headquarters.

Superintendent Wayland had become a physical wreck and was failing mentally, yet he still held the nominal title of his position, although upon Strand, the chief train dispatcher, fell the arduous responsibility of the post.

It was a latter October morning of discontent. Steam shovel Number Three had broken down during the preceding night, occasioning a lapse of idleness to a gang of forty men. Early frosts were crumpling the new, unsettled roadbed, limiting the fast trains to handcar speed, over a fifteen-mile stretch, and to crown a series of irritating

mishaps, came the report of a mogul engine turned wheels in air, near Creston.

"Tipped over standing still," was the concluding sentence of the message.

Strand's mind was occupied with a monthly report, already two weeks in abeyance, and he listened perfunctorily to the operator's reading. "Tell the shops to send 'em a crane. Notify Merrick to supply an engine to work train Number Seventy, and suspend the crew," ordered the acting superintendent, shortly, trying meantime to retain, in the recesses of his brain, a certain set of figures, relative to disbursements.

"Is this Mr. Wayland?" came a feminine voice at his elbow.

Strand arose with a shade of annoyance. "Mr. Wayland is absent," he responded, "but sometimes I act for him in matters pertaining to the office. Won't you be seated?"

"I wished to see the superintendent," she rejoined, hesitatingly, "you see, it's rather a—personal affair."

"Very well," conceded the chief dispatcher, "you may find him in this afternoon, or"—as an impulse of deference to the grace of her manner impressed him—"might I suggest that you name an hour for the appointment, and I'll make an effort to have him here. Mr. Wayland is not at all well, and is inactive at present."

"Pardon me, are you Mr. Strand?" she asked, abruptly.

He responded affirmatively.

"I might submit the statement to you," she remarked, half in soliloquy. "Have you authority over engineers, Mr. Strand?"

"Pray be seated," he said, for she was standing.

"Yes, to an extent. They are answerable to the motive power department for general competency, but to this office for irregularity or misconduct while on duty. Do I make it clear to you, Miss—"

"Miss Ripley," she supplemented. "Yes, I think so." The tip of her umbrella was describing circles on the floor.

"It's a delicate subject," pursued the visitor. She looked into Strand's face direct. "Has Mr. Gregory been discharged?" she asked.

Strand was taken by surprise, and the recollection of a certain paper locked in his desk drawer came home to him. "Not discharged," he answered, "suspended on the recommendation of his superior. He resumes work this morning on freight."

"Is this in the line of discipline, or—humiliation, may I ask?" was her inquiry.

"Neither," returned Strand, promptly; "simply necessity. Miss Ripley, I am unaware of the nature of your interest—I assume it to be interest—Miss Ripley, I wouldn't for a moment discount Gregory's capability, and personally I like him, but the company can't afford constant delays in the passenger service, and we came to expect them from Gregory. I warned him repeatedly that he must brace up, and I'm doing the best I can for him, under the circumstances. He knows this to be true. He himself would tell you so."

"I wouldn't ask him," was her rejoinder, "and I'm taking an unwarranted liberty in discussing his affairs. You will think me a dreadful sort of person, Mr. Strand, but"—with a sigh of relief, "I'm glad I came to you, for I had fancied his disfavor was due to another influence. I expect to marry Mr. Gregory," she stated, frankly, "and there is—another man, one prominently connected with the road. You see, he has made threats against Mr. Gregory, and I thought—I thought—" she faltered.

"If I were you," said the dispatcher, reassuringly, "I wouldn't give attention to idle threats. Gregory's record is his protection. No individual can injure his standing, and you may be sure he is certain of just treatment here. We don't like to set back a good man, Miss Ripley. We don't like to do it, but as I remarked before, the company's interests are paramount, and Gregory's delays were a continual irritation. Failure of steam, poor stops, and frequently a breakdown. H'm—yes, breakdown!" repeated the dispatcher, abstractedly.

She had risen to depart.

"Don't give yourself anxiety, Miss Ripley. We'll have Gregory back on passenger, after a bit. He's temporarily out of luck, that's all. Not the least annoyance, I assure you. Pleased to have been of service. Good-morning."

Strand again became absorbed in the delights afforded by disbursement calculation, and after an interval of uninterrupted effort, he pushed the report aside with a grimace of satisfaction, and reflecting a moment, chuckled audibly, "Jove! but the duties of this office are many! No wonder the Old Man had a shock. Gregory, you're the exponent of an old tradition. Unlucky, lucky! Bad luck!" The dispatcher rubbed his brow perplexedly. "I wonder now—let me see—engine forever out of whack, changed him

three times, didn't we? There was the 728. Then we gave him the 489, and last the 690. Those engines are doing good work now, with other men on them."

He shook his head doubtfully. "It doesn't seem probable—not probable. Could I act, if I knew it to be true? I'll just have another look at that letter!" He swung his chair around to encounter Finnigan, just entering the private office door.

"Mornin'," said the conductor.

"What can I do for you, Finnigan?" inquired the dispatcher, briskly.

The conductor cleared his throat. "Not to mince matters, for I guess ye're busy," he began, "I want a word wid ye 'bout Gregory."

"You're a trifle tardy with your complaint," observed Strand, dryly; "Gregory's gone back to freight work and won't trouble you people any more, for a while. Now you've got a chance to make your time and I would like to see you do it."

"I didn't come up here to knock Gregory," retorted the conductor, with a show of warmth. "I want to say a good word for him. It don't cost nothin'. There's a good man, Mr. Strand."

"If you're speaking of Gregory," returned the dispatcher, "you're at outs with your clan. According to this bunch of reports," pointing to a pigeonhole, "he's cost the company several dollars above his pay, in the last few weeks. Mostly from conductors, too, I believe," he continued, as he removed the band and regarded the signatures, folding each slip over his forefinger in turn. "Yes! here's Caldwell reports six minutes at Barton tank. Poor stop. Clayton, laid out fifty-three, thirty minutes, hot driving box. H'm! Here's one from you, Finnigan—Gregory—Engine 489 disabled. Blew out cylinder head—two hours' delay, waiting for relief engine."

"I know it," admitted the conductor, taciturnly. "He's been in hard luck. One swaller don't make a summer, though."

"But here's a swarm of swallows," returned Strand, replacing the stack of reports. "I think we've been pretty patient with him."

"He's in hard luck," repeated the conductor, with sympathetic stress, and then looking his interlocutor squarely in the face: "Say, Mr. Strand, did ye ever consider that maybe Gregory might be gettin' the worst of it? Flimflammed, like?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Strand, curtly.



"I might submit the statement to you," she remarked, half in soliloquy."

"Why, done up," suggested the conductor, dubiously; "dirty work! Stuffed flues, chipped journals, filed pins, ye know. Somethin' like that!"

"Do you bring any proof to this—this charge, Finnigan?" inquired the chief, coldly.

"Well—no," admitted the conductor, "I —"

"Then you're in poor business, coming here with a rank insinuation of this character. I'm disappointed in you, Finnigan. The

idea of a man of your experience hinting at such a thing without ample proof. I am surprised!"

"It's because I believe it," rejoined the conductor, doggedly.

"You'd best keep such notions to yourself," advised Strand, and then more kindly, "we can't take action on simple prejudice, Finnigan, and this isn't the place for you to air such views. . . . How's the new line since the frost? Pretty rough?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Like rotten ice," responded Finnigan, brusquely; "heaves an' growls an' yields."

"Frost caught us unawares," allowed Strand; "we're rushing in the gravel, though, and we'll soon have it up to the mark."

In the corridor, Finnigan shook his head dejectedly. "I'm fooled in that man," he muttered.

Strand smiled grimly as Finnigan withdrew. "There's part of it cleared," he cogitated; "I know now who forwarded that letter to me."

He was perusing a sheet of paper intently. "Keep your word! Land Gregory!" he repeated. He clicked the end of a penholder between his firm teeth.

"It's a case of handicap," he soliloquized. "If I use this, it will look like personal spite, especially just at this time, yet, how can I conscientiously turn this division and these men—my men—over to a hound like that?"

The shuffling pat of wavering, uncertain feet and the familiar tap of a cane in the outer office room reached his ears, above the clack of the busy instruments, and a moment later the bent form of the incapacitated official, whose haunt for many years the little, private compartment had been, swayed in the doorway, and tottered to a chair. He bowed forward feebly on his cane and drew a shaking hand across his tremulous lips.

"I'm out of it, Strand," he articulated, huskily.

"No!" protested the dispatcher, with a pretense at incredulity.

"I saw the circular myself," insisted the paralytic. "Dated tenth of next month. Caton's signature. Approved by Beveridge. Wayland retired—retired. Norman appointed."

"I expected it, Mr. Wayland," remarked the dispatcher, with an attempt at nonchalance.

"It's not right!" whispered the old official, vehemently, "not right! You've earned

this division, Strand, and you're the man to handle it. I told them! I told them!"

"I've always been sure of your good-will," responded Strand, warmly, "and I don't want you to feel this so deeply. Let him have it! Let them experiment, if they think it wise. He can't swing it!" striking the desk with his clinched hand. "We know he can't swing it! It's a shame, though," he continued, more quietly, "to jeopardize the fruit of your years of labor, just to prove a man a failure."

"A shame!" echoed the old superintendent, gaining his feet with an effort. "An infernal shame!" Then nodding and weaving jerkily, he tapped his way out.

Strand turned to the window and gazed pensively in the direction of a trim white home far up the terraced hillside. His thoughts were with his wife and boy, and the tender comprehension obscured for a moment the intense feeling of bitterness that oppressed him.

"Here's a deadwood, Edith," he muttered. "I've always made a bid for honor, and I can't dispense with it now. The right seems all on one side and a clear line. I won't work under this man, and I can sidetrack him with one move, but, hang it, I hate to soil my fingers. I wish some one else held the key. I owe it to the division. I owe it to the men. I owe it to Gregory——"

"Mr. Strand!" broke in an excited voice from the doorway. "Freight wreck at Ixonia Transfer. Extra Engine 887 got into a Dispatch crossover, at the cut-off. Fireman scalded and leg broke. Head brakeman jumped and is not hurt. Engineer Gregory under the wreck. Entire air brake train automatic failed to work. Six cars and engine piled up. Five hours to clear. Baldwin conductor."

Strand was in the dispatching room at a bound. "Cleaver, tell Merrick to chase the wrecker to the Transfer!" he ordered. "Garvin, get downstairs and catch me a switch engine. Let me read that message, Gannon. Air brake, eh? First stop leaving yard, too! Gannon, you will telephone Holly, roundhouse foreman at the shops, to stand close to the main, so I can pick him up without delay, as I pass. I shall take him to the wreck with me. Cleaver, did you get Merrick?"

"Yes, sir, they're off," was the response.

"Well, you give Mr. Caton the report as soon as you can nail a quiet wire. Abandon trains twenty-three and twenty-nine, until we get the line cleared, and rush them out

extra when I give the word. If there's much delay, have the perishable freight in refrigerators re-iced. That's all I think of now. If you need advice, reach me at the wreck."

The low switch engine slacked speed, in the shop area, opposite the roundhouse, sufficiently to permit an undersized man, wearing a grimy jacket beneath his coat, to swing aboard. He was pale and he eyed Strand across the cab, with a furtive look.

"Did you test Gregory's air pump this morning?" asked the latter, curtly, in response to Holly's salutation.

"No, I didn't," was the foreman's deprecating reply.

"Perhaps you didn't know that it was balled up," remarked the dispatcher, grimly, and relapsed into silence.

Finnigan, in charge of train fifty-three, occupied yard siding number two from 8 o'clock, p. m., until the line opened at 11:30.

A dismal, chilling rain set in at about nine, confining the restless passengers to the interior of the coaches, and with a view to avoiding their importunities the conductor had locked himself in the baggage car.

"Give me freight work, for peace an' comfort, Larry," he remarked to the baggage master. "Freight work, every time. These clothes is very pretty, but faith—one guy's asked me a dozen times if he was goin' to miss his connection at Portal. Miss a donkey ride in Bagdad! How do I know? Drat the luck, I'm all withered up for want of a smoke, but that amateur spotter Norman's on the train, an' I dassent chance it. I'm afraid he'll snoop 'round an' report. Say, now, I believe I'll have to risk a rap at the old dudeen, an' hell take Norman! You jest screw your eagle eye out o' the side door, Larry, and keep a squint up and

down while I light up. Holy Prophet! This saves me life! I was gettin' ataxia, sure, Mike!"

"Something coming from the west," called the watcher, presently. "Headlight! Fifty-four, likely."

"Fifty-four, nothin'," dissented the conductor, promptly. "How could she climb over the wrecker?"

"Well, whatever it is, it's here," responded the other.

"It's the local," stated Finnigan, removing the pipe from his mouth and peering



"... he put forth a hand and dragged Norman to the ground."

into the night. "They backed down to help in the clean-up."

The long freight drew slowly by in the drizzling rain.

"Here, you! How 'bout Gregory?" inquired Finnigan, of a smoky lantern hanging motionless.

"Bad shape, creep out, though, they think," came the response.

The conductor laid aside his pipe and passed to the car platform to encounter Norman standing by the door. "Cleared?" he inquired.

"Looks like it," was Finnigan's response.

Following closely the trail of the local, came a pyramid of red bulls'-eyes and in the glare of an open firebox ahead, the derrick loomed, gibbet-like, above the flats piled with broken trucks, twisted stay rods and girders. The wrecking train backing slowly, creaked and rattled alongside the belated flyer.

As the house cars came abreast, Strand sprang from one of them and stood gazing at Norman, as if doubtful, in the gloom, of his identity.

"You've had a hard day, eh, Strand?"

The dispatcher, tired, stained and soaked from head to foot, regarded his interrogator in a silence that was eloquent. The light from the coach windows showed his features set and somber. For a moment only, then he put forth a hand and dragged Norman to the ground.

"Hold your train a minute, Webb," he called, authoritatively. "Norman, you contemptible cur, I want you!" he exclaimed. "You've backcapped and hounded an honest man to his ruin, to satisfy a personal pique, and made me party to the deal, because of my cursed vacillation. I want you, and I'll get you! Understand! Either you resign tomorrow, or I take this Gregory business direct to the general manager. . . . To Mr. Beveridge! I will, as I live!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Norman, furiously.

"You know what I mean. You and your man Holly. Oh, I had it out with him and his hide is drying! I'll take good care that he's blacklisted for further orders. Tampering with engines and hazarding men's lives! I don't need his evidence, for I've got your devilish letter and have held it for weeks. Held it back for policy's sake while you drove a good man to the brink!"

"Strand!"

"Don't talk to me, I don't want to hear you. I helped take Gregory out—crushed and cut and scalded—and I promised myself that I'd settle with you, and I swear I will. You can take it or leave it, and before tomorrow night, too, mark you! That's my last word. Go ahead, Webb!"

The wrecking train rumbled along and Norman stood alone. "What were you listening for?" he asked, turning wrathfully on Finnigan.

"Listenin'!" repeated the conductor, sardonically. "How could I help but listen? D'ye think I'm your deaf emigrant auntie? Ye're hot, man, that's what ails you. You go and fill up wid ice water, an' while you're cooling, I'll just hit me pipe once more, in token o' your raveled sov-er-ignty."

It was Finnigan who related this portion of the story to me, the evening of Gregory's wedding, and long after Strand had come into his own.

"That was me last view of Norman," he said, in conclusion. "An' trust me for it, this business is a sealed book between me and Strand. I'd like that letter, though, to pin on the wall, along wid me diplomacy."

"Your diploma?" I repeated, questioningly.

"Me marriage diplomacy, when I get it," he responded, with a wink.

STORIES OF SPECIAL TRAINS

By CARL HOVEY

THE special train is at once a source of abysmal pride and a bugbear to the modern railroad man. An engine and a string of cars, or it may be, only a single car or two, running at a furious pace over the line, turning the regular schedule topsyturvy, and seeking out all the weak places in the rails, all in accordance with the whim or the necessity of some millionaire, actor, singer, politician, or other inconsiderate person, undoubtedly serves to increase the self-esteem of the individual whose business it is to supply this madcap means of saving precious time, but is, none the less, a cause of worry, and of expense, also, which is not always made up by the heavy tolls charged. However, the special train, like the limited express and other luxurious features of the great railroad systems of the day, is coming more and more into wide and general use. This is well; for in these things lies the romance of railroading as distinguished from the mere routine business of carrying people and merchandise from place to place.

The number of "specials" which are run out over the lines of most of the large railroads in this country is more considerable than any one who has not had occasion to look into the subject would imagine. At the Grand Central Station in New York, three or four are sometimes dispatched in a day; the average number is not far from two. Any one who desires to pay for his journey at the rate of from eighteen to thirty fares can have a special train, consisting of a car or two, made up at once, with the regular Pullman attendants and a full equipment of food and wine in the larder, ready to start for any point in the United States. Bigger and heavier trains, such as are used by theatrical and by opera companies, circus troupes, political candidates with their retinues of newspaper men and local delegations (escorting the lion from town to town), and by large excursion parties, are usually hired by contract at mileage rates. These magnificent trains are always given a clear track, and they seldom stop between the point of departure and the destination, except, perhaps, to couple on a fresh engine; but in one respect, they are held down to as close

account as any plodding, smoke-begrimed, accommodating local—they must be run on time, in strict accordance with the schedule arranged beforehand.

Where the journey is at all elaborate, a vast amount of technical knowledge and minute information concerning every patch of the lines to be covered is necessarily brought to bear upon the problem of arranging a satisfactory schedule. When Prince Henry, of Prussia, and his suite toured the eastern half of the United States in a special train provided by the Government a few months ago, the railroad having the arrangements in charge assigned the task of making up the schedule to one of the oldest and most competent of its officials, a man whose intricate knowledge of the railroad systems of the country has earned for him the nickname of "The Pathfinder." As most of the traveling had to be done at night in order that the Prince might have the day free to spend in the different capitals where entertainment had been prepared for him, the great difficulty was to run the train so that the royal guest should not miss seeing the best scenery along the way. A great many rough drafts were made and amended before the final schedule was decided upon; one which was satisfactory, however, almost beyond hope, for it included a daylight view of the Alleghanies, Niagara, the Hudson, the Mississippi, the Great Lakes—and after showing the great granaries of the Middle West, wound up with a fleeting glimpse of the primitive Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. No one who was not an artist in his specialty could have brought this about.

To the railroad president or to the great financier the special train is an object of as great familiarity as is, to the lesser magnate, his private carriage. Just as it is sometimes necessary for the latter to cause his coachman to whip up his horses in order to keep an important engagement, so the railroad king will give a quick, sharp order to the conductor of his train, which will set the fireman to working wonderfully with his eye on the gauge, and will put the engineer on the *qui vive* to round each curve and fly down every grade with the minimum margin

of safety. Then the astonished section men along the line see the president's "special" flash past them, oscillating from side to side, quivering like a "wild-cat" engine, and they know that there is "something doing." J. Pierpont Morgan, in a special train which had the right of way over the entire route, went from Detroit to Niagara, a distance of two hundred and twenty-seven miles, in three hours and twenty minutes; on another occasion, from Philadelphia to Jersey City, a distance of over ninety miles, in the remarkable time of an hour and twenty minutes; and only a few months ago, after a conference with Mr. William L. Elkins and Mr. P. A. B. Widener concerning the affairs of the famous Elkins-Widener syndicate, at Lyndwood Hall, near Philadelphia, Mr. Morgan made the run to Jersey City at the average speed of sixty-seven and one-half miles an hour, and established a new record between these points. Mr. Morgan had been summoned home by telegraph and the engineer was instructed to "run wild."

But this record was demolished barely a month later by President A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania, under circumstances that are well worthy of narration.

The objections of the Mayor of New York to the bill pending in the state legislature permitting the Pennsylvania Railroad to dig a tunnel under the city, a bill which was about to be made the subject of an emergency message by the Governor, made necessary an immediate conference between President Cassatt and President Baldwin, of the Long Island Railroad, which is now a part of the Pennsylvania system. The meeting was arranged by telegraph, to take place in New York, and the hour set allowed Mr. Cassatt, who was then in Philadelphia, the briefest possible time for the journey. He ordered the swiftest engine in the yard to be made ready for immediate departure. The engine was backed down and coupled to the special train, consisting of Mr. Cassatt's private parlor car, and a combination car—half baggage, half passenger—put on to steady the train. At eleven minutes past twelve o'clock, the time set for leaving, Mr. Cassatt and his law counsel stepped aboard the train; the engineer confidently opened the throttle, and the great drivers began to revolve.

Just then the white-coated figure of the president's porter danced out on the platform, waving his arms distractedly at the engineer. "De lunch! De president's lunch ben forgotten!"

So it had. The train was stopped, and for eight precious minutes it was held in waiting, while a scene of extraordinary activity took place inside the station restaurant. There was not time to cook anything, but on the steam table lay a juicy roast of beef from which the carver deftly slid off half a dozen slices to be packed in a hamper, along with several kinds of vegetables hot from the heaters, and a full supply of plates, knives, forks and napkins, in less time, almost, than it takes to tell it. The warning bell began its tolling, the hamper was swung aboard, and before the occupants of the parlor car had begun to make way with the lunch thus expeditiously prepared the "special" had passed the city limits and was pounding the track like mad through the level country of New Jersey.

For an hour nothing was heard within the diminutive but splendid drawing-room, where the men sat at lunch discussing the weighty business before them, but the roar of the special speeding eastward like a gale of wind. The telegraph operators, station men and section hands, at the junction by Germantown, were gathered on the platform; they marveled to see the blur far down the track instantaneously take the shape of an engine and flit past, spectre-like, in a flash of whirling drivers, with a single glimpse of the face of the engineer at the cab-window. The men stationed at the drawbridge over the Passaic at Newark having been warned that the president's "special" was on the line had held the draw closed, although there were several vessels in waiting, the captains of which were not sparing of bad language at the delay. The train took the bridge with a hollow roar in tones of deep bass, and, a few minutes later, groaning in the clutches of the air-brake, slid into the station at Jersey City at exactly thirty-eight minutes past one, having made the run of ninety miles in less than eighty minutes. At times the train had flown at the almost incredible speed of a mile and a half a minute.

The uses of special trains are not always so strenuous, however—in fact, they are employed quite as often for the purpose of securing a high degree of comfort for people who can afford to provide themselves with such superlative luxuries, and who like to travel in a leisurely way, without the restrictions of even the best limited trains. Actors frequently find that it costs but little more, when the value of the accompanying advertisement is counted, to transport their companies on the road "special," than to use the

regular service. Of course, there are times when the special train is absolutely necessary to enable the manager to make what is called a quick jump over a considerable distance. A theatrical company closing in New York, for instance, on a Saturday night, can get to Chicago by traveling "special" in time to show there on Sunday night. Quick jumps are made in the same way between Chicago and St. Paul, or Minneapolis, or between San Francisco and Colorado Springs, and on numerous other sections of the theatrical man's well-beaten paths. In such cases the special train is, of course, a thing of the moment, as it were, discarded when the necessity for it has passed. On the other hand, a great many large companies, carrying a quantity of scenery, and having a large number of people in the cast, run their own special trains from ocean to ocean, north and south, penetrating into benighted districts upon occasion, where these magnificent moving hotels cause as much wonder among the natives as though the *Teutonic* or the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* should suddenly poke a majestic nose up one of the muddy branches of the Ohio.

One of the most splendid of these trains was the one used by Maurice Grau's opera company on their tour last spring. Entirely separate from the baggage train, containing the stage setting and ponderous paraphernalia of a grand opera combination, were the sleeping cars for the members of the company, the private cars for the star performers, the composite car, containing a barber shop, bathrooms, and a library, withal, and the dining and observation cars, which formed the living-rooms of the actors and actresses in the event of sociables on the road. The train was finished throughout in mahogany, maple and English oak; the different compartments were varied in their furnishings according to the taste or the caprice of their occupants; electric lights were concealed in the recesses of the carved wood under the high-pitched roof, the current being supplied for a dynamo in the forward car next the engine; nothing to be obtained in a first-class hotel in the metropolis was lacking either in the appointments or in the service; and, all in all, it is not surprising that the Grau "special" was an object to cause exclamations of admiration and wonder everywhere along the route.

Singers are like great children when they find themselves on the road, freed from the inquisitive stares of the crowd on upper Broadway, and removed from the necessity

of comporting themselves with the awe-inspiring grandeur of so many sovereigns. They play no tricks with their voices, it is true—the care of their voices is their religion, but there is nothing too freakish or juvenile in the shape of masquerade or of practical joking to fail in furnishing its quota of amusement. One of the management assured the writer that the most uncomfortable, anxious moment that he had spent on the entire trip was when one of the star members of the troupe failed, for some unaccountable reason, to put in an appearance at the stage door in a western theatre where the company was then giving a performance, for some minutes after the usual time. He searched everywhere for the missing tenor; no one had seen him. It was now toward the rising of the curtain and the stage manager was ready to take the head off of everybody within sound of his rasping voice, when his eyes were greeted with the sight of a scarecrow shape in the villainous attire of one of the "bad men" of the West—sombbrero, wide-open shirt, greasy buckskins and all—sauntering shamelessly into the theatre. He was too happy to say anything when he saw it was the tenor. The next day there was an investigation, however, and when it came out that some facetious members of the company had descended upon the tenor while he was engaged in taking a bath, and had exchanged his clothing for the motley make-up of the barroom terror, locking him in until the last minute so that his arrival might be as sensational as possible, the manager's tongue did not fall with undue lightness upon all concerned.

An incident threatening to prove tragic interrupted the smooth monotony of the tour. The monstrous dragon intermittently slain by Siegfried had to be carried on an open flat car, under a cover of canvas. Some hobo, in order to steal a ride, had concealed himself within the dragon's huge folds which, somehow, collapsed during the night run, crushing the breath out of him. His body, apparently lifeless, was discovered the next day, and the story goes that it was Madame Schumann-Heink, who brought the man back to consciousness with brandy from her own flask.

The number of hangers-on which an opera troupe or a theatrical company picks up during the course of a tour on the road is a source of special care, and often of considerable annoyance to the man who travels in charge of the train. Stowaways are a con-

stant quantity; they conceal themselves among the "props" in the baggage cars, they steal rides in ways which the most expert watchfulness cannot foresee and guard against, presenting themselves night after night at the stage entrances as supers. "I've seen you before, haven't I?" says the weary boss of the "supes," gazing narrowly at the peaceful features of the candidate for a place in the armor-bearing ranks of Cæsar's legion; "weren't you on at 'R——', and 'W——', and 'S——'?"—mentioning several places some distance apart at which the company has made one-night stands. "Sure," says the aspirant owning up, because he is caught, "I came with the show." He usually gets the job, none the less, and the quarter of a dollar a performance, upon which these humble members of the profession have to live.

There are stowaways who turn out to be stage carpenters or skilled mechanics, out of work, who on occasion are able to supply a crying need, when the regular man has wandered off on a spree, leaving an empty stage to be set without the loss of a moment. They will often fall into good employment in this way, and become an integral part of the roving stage family.

In speaking of his experiences with stowaways on special trains, a theatrical manager told the writer the following incident: "We were going through Georgia with 'Southern Scenes' one time, and had pulled in to show at Athens, that night. We carried a lot of scenery, and I had a lot of niggers at work hustling the stuff out of the cars on to the drays. Some of those flats were fine and fancy when it came to gorgeous effects of alligators in the cane brake and all that; you could see the eyes of those darkies pop almost out of their heads when they saw them, close to as it was. They had about emptied a car, when they saw, away in the dark corner what looked like a gray mound of rags. It moved. The whole crowd fixed their eyes on it. It rose slowly and stood up. At this those darkies let out the most awful yell I ever heard in my life. It beat the frenzied cry of the mob in the Irving production of 'The Lyons Mail'; you couldn't hire such a noise for money. They scattered like chickens when a hawk is over the barnyard. You couldn't see them for dust.

"The stowaway shook himself and lit out in the other direction. But I couldn't get the rest of that scenery unloaded for an hour."

The time when the self-assured hotel clerk gets his "come upings," as they say in New England, is when a theatrical company that came in on the regular train leaves town by "special." It comes about in this way: The star actor casually remarks, after the performance, that he wishes his belongings taken down to the railroad station in time to leave at midnight. "Guess not," nonchalantly remarks the man behind the desk, "you can't get out of this town to-night." "What! you say there isn't any train?" says the star, in some perplexity, for although he has of course been told by the manager when the company leaves, he never knows anything about the details. "Sure thing," returns the other, twirling his mustache good-humoredly, "you stay here with us to-night." But at this juncture the busy manager puts in an appearance. When the helpless star begins to tell him what he has learned, he cuts him short, and with a glance of scorn at the hotel clerk, merely murmurs, in a bored tone: "This company leaves in fifteen minutes; 'special,' of course."

But when the ordinary citizen, who is not a financial magnate, nor yet a member of the "profession," thinks of what is accomplished by special trains, it is perhaps not so much the sensational runs of the former class of people, or the entertaining tours of the latter, that most vividly appeal to his imagination; for, after all, what equals in the interest of almost everybody the arrival at the railroad station of the campaign "special," bearing on its rear platform, as it pulls slowly into town, the figure of the perspiring, but inexhaustibly eloquent, candidate? The distances covered day and night by these trains in a great presidential campaign are enormous; here is found the most practical use of all; for while to millionaires and to actors both high speed and freedom of schedule are occasionally objects of the greatest importance, they are always so to the political candidate. His hardest efforts are naturally made at the very close of the campaign; the beginning may be but slow, but the end must come with a glorious blast of far-reaching oratory. President Roosevelt's whirlwind tour of New York State at the time he was running for Governor against predictions of a Democratic landslide, is an example of what a man of iron can accomplish with a swift special train. His Western trip as candidate for Vice-President two years ago, and Bryan's tour through the enemy's country

along the Atlantic seaboard, are similar instances of the part that modern railroading plays in the politics of the nation.

One of the most thrilling, if not one of the most hazardous, runs ever made by a special train is to be placed to the credit of a certain lank engineer employed by a local railroad in Northern New York, who, with almost fanatical zeal, brought the Bryan "special" at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour over a wretched, corkscrew, single-track road, in time for the Democratic candidate for President to address a great assemblage of people at Syracuse. At about noon on that day the engine which had been assigned to draw the train to Syracuse, broke down. Already an hour of precious time had been lost; the local superintendent raved about the disgrace of bringing in late so important a "special," the advent of which thousands of people were awaiting with impatience. The best he could do, however, was to press into service a freight engine of heavy type which was in use on the local branch line. He called the engineer aside and hurriedly whispered his instructions: To make up time, to make up time, to make up time!

This engineer did not pat his locomotive and call her his Arab steed, any more than did the man in Kipling's story—he simply turned his back upon the hysterical superintendent and became very busy with a yard-long oil-can, which he poked and prodded into the works of number 943 in a discriminating way. Then he took his seat high up in the cab, with his shoulder partly out of the window, after the manner of engineers, and when the signal came, started.

The Bryan train was insignificant in point of luxuriousness. It was a meager, two-car affair, made up for utilitarian purposes only. In the forward car the newspaper men were playing a ten-cent limit game on a battered piece of board; in the rear car two professional masseurs were rubbing down the candidate as they would an athlete. After a while the porter brought Mr. Bryan and Mayor Jones, of Toledo, who was accompanying him on this portion of the trip, a pleasant little lunch. By this time the train was making noticeably fast progress.

The newspaper men in the forward car felt the trucks lift insinuatingly on the curves, and they dropped their game for the moment to look out upon the speeding landscape. It was a very pretty hill country, utterly unsettled, and they wondered if these woods had ever beheld the glory of a Pull-

man special train before now. Just then the car gave a surprising lurch, and they began to realize that in the midst of trees hanging before their eyes there were indications of a rather ominous nature, considering the quality of this particular "permanent way," as railroad men term the roadbed.

The conductor passed through the car: "We made that last mile in fifty-four, boys," he remarked, exultantly.

This was not reassuring. Just then the car gave a sickening slew; several men were pitched out of their seats half across the aisle. A murmur of protest arose. Meanwhile, back in Mr. Bryan's coach, the lunch had been interrupted; the last lurch of the train had tossed it to the other side of the car. Mr. Bryan summoned the porter, who summoned the brakeman. "Tell the engineer," said the Presidential candidate, "that he need not run so fast. Tell him Mr. Bryan's life is too precious to be endangered at the present time. If we must be late, why then we must, that's all."

The brakeman hurried through the forward coach, and, opening the door, clung to the front platform in the rush of air and shouted to the engineer across the tender. The newspaper men crowding with faces full of apprehension about the door saw this sight: The fireman crouching in the corner of the cab, his hands clasped tightly on his knees—eyeing the engineer with an expression of injury upon his sooty face; the engineer sitting on his shaking seat at the cab window, his blouse bellying out, his hand on the throttle—which he shoved in and out, ever so little—and upon his lean countenance an expression that struck his beholders as that of a demon. He either could not or would not hear the brakeman's breathless shouting. And, after a while, the brakeman came back inside the car for greater security. All watched the engineer through the glass.

He saw a curve ahead and touched the brake lever. The car seemed to go up in the air bodily; the men felt the outside wheels of the trucks rise higher and higher, until it seemed as though the train were slowly careening upon its side. They held their breath as long as this lasted, but finally the flanges felt the rail once more.

"A hatful of air, that time," said the brakeman, disconsolately; "I b'lieve he's crazy."

As they watched the intent, hunched-over, shaking figure of the engineer and the quiv-

ering hand on the throttle, they were half of the same opinion. Some one suggested pulling the bellrope, but the brakeman was too much under the authority of discipline, and they of custom, to take the idea seriously. Moreover, the swaying motion ceased gradually; it was succeeded by the welcome, jarring pressure of the air-brake. The train had pulled into a town where Mr. Bryan was to speak on the way to Syracuse. When it stopped, everybody except the candidate—who had his speech to make on the rear platform—crowded around the engine.

The engineer, paying no attention to any one, climbed down from the cab with his oil can and a fistful of cotton waste, and deftly ministered to the wants of number 943. When this operation was completed, he turned round and faced the crowd.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Mr. Bryan says he doesn't want to end

the campaign right here," spoke up the brakeman. "You've gotter go slow."

The engineer grumbled; he did not answer out loud. His subsequent conduct revealed the fact that he decided to split the difference between his two orders: He did not run quite so fast the rest of the trip as the superintendent's order implied, nor yet so cautiously as to lose any of his ground. The result was that he brought the Bryan "special" into the station at Syracuse that evening just two minutes ahead of time.

He unbent in the trainyard later on sufficiently to tell the newspaper men that number 943 had once been a passenger engine with a reputation for high speed, won in the Central's service. He knew she was capable of that run, and he hoped somebody would write out what she had done. This is the story. It brings us round again to the assertion that there is much romance in the running of special trains.

THE TRIUMPH OF LAW

BY RICHARD JAMESON MORGAN

BULL CREEK CANYON, or Cactus City, as it was called under the new *régime*, was in a fever of suppressed excitement. As Bull Creek, the place had enough reputation and to spare, but as Cactus City, with a railroad spur and a courthouse, it was prophesied by the land agents that such glory of a more desirable and enduring kind would be achieved as to obliterate Bull Creek from memory. A new county had been created by the legislature and christened Cactus County. Bull Creek was chosen as the county seat and forthwith, to keep step with the march of progress it renamed itself Cactus City. It was a big day in Cactus City. The first legal trial under the new order was in progress, and the woolen shirt brigade swayed back and forth between the rival attractions of the courthouse (which was an old dance hall pre-empted by the blindfolded goddess with carving knife and steelyards until the new county could bond and build) and the Redlight saloon across the way. Judge Woods, from Tucson City, was on the bench, and a sprinkling of lawyers in "biled shirts and stake-and-ridered collars" graced the bar. The case on trial

would have attracted attention anywhere both from the character of the defendant and the nature of the crime, which in plain United States, was a brutal and unprovoked murder. It was a crime, too, where insult was added to injury, for after Shagg Thompson had shot his man out of the saddle he tied his heels to the tail of the now ownerless pony and drove him some four miles through the sagebrush into Cactus City, and right up to the Redlight, in order, as he remarked to the gentlemen congregated at that popular resort, that the city might have a real swell and up-to-date coroner's inquest.

The mere killing was a minor incident, for Shagg, in the course of a somewhat extended career, had done a good deal of that kind of thing, but when his victim was unlimbered and laid on a bench in front of the Redlight for the formal inquest, and it was seen that the pony's tail was pulled out of joint and the dead man's back skinned and lacerated by the sagebrush and alkali sand, it was remarked that Shagg had piled it on a little bit too thick even for Bull Creek.

The inquest was commonplace to the point

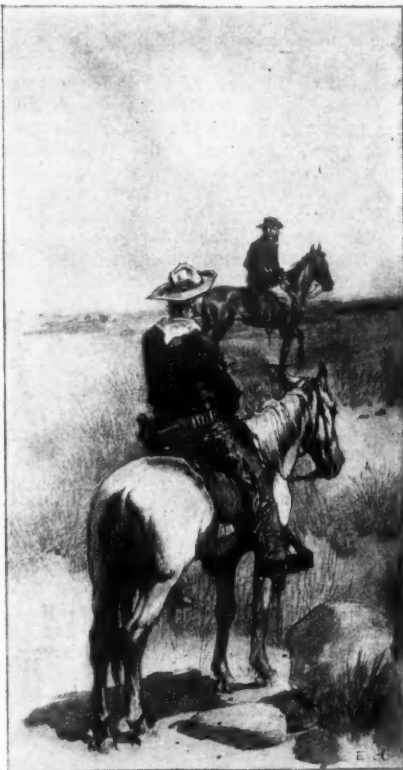
of tiresomeness. There were no witnesses, and no evidence except what Mr. Thompson himself had to give. Doc Loveless examined the wound, which was in the back, and which he had some difficulty in locating, as the surface indications had been almost entirely obliterated by the long drag through the sagebrush and sand, and pronounced that death had been caused by "a gunshot wound on the right side of the spinal vertebrae and penetrating the internal economy of the deceased."

Shagg testified in an offhand, don't-care kind of way that the man rode by him on the trail, and, when he bellowed to him to stop, the fool just rode right on without paying any attention to him. This he considered not only a breach of manners, but in the nature of returning evil for good, as his object in calling on him to stop was to offer him a drink out of his bottle, being dry himself and not wishing to drink alone. The man instead of stopping to drink as a gentleman should, treated him rudely, hurt his feelings, and, consequently, he shot him. That was all. He desired to say, though, in the conclusion of his testimony, that he recognized the march of progress and the new order of things, and wanted everything done according to Hoyle and in a manner that would reflect credit not only on himself, the deceased and the officers of the law, but on Cactus City, the future emporium of the West. It was purely with this object in view that he had taken the trouble to "rawhide" the remains through four miles of sagebrush and sand.

Mr. Thompson's bored expression showed plainly that he was speaking the truth, and that he was going through the whole rigmarole and legal show from a sense of duty and loyalty to the new order of progress. He flared up, though, and showed interest when the jury came out of the back room of the Redlight, where they went to deliberate after viewing the body, and pronounced that they had found the deceased came to his death by the hand of Mr. Shagg Thompson and recommending that he be held on the charge of murder in the first degree. Billy McGee was the new sheriff of Cactus County, known throughout the alkali district as "Squint" McGee on account of a decided squint in his left eye, which was simply an infirmity grown out of a habit. McGee shot right-handed.

Now when the verdict was rendered, Sheriff McGee didn't lose any time with legal technicalities, but promptly covered his man

and remarked, "Hands up!" Thompson was surprised—indeed, shocked. He had expected a verdict of justifiable homicide, but he was a practical man and knew where he was at. McGee's record was even longer than his own, and while he felt that he was



"When he bellowed to him to stop, the fool just rode right on."

being shabbily treated after all his trouble to conform to the new order, he realized that it was a double-action .44, and not a theory, that confronted him, so his hands went up and at McGee's direction a bystander relieved him of his artillery. This detail attended to and a deputy appointed to take charge of the prisoner, the dead man's pony and saddle were auctioned to pay the expenses of the inquest and interment, and they adjourned into the Redlight to lick up.

By common consent the drinks were on Thompson. "And after all," remarked one

grizzled Bull Creeker, as he poured five fingers of chain-lightning whisky, "if Shagg means to do accordin' to law he may as well go the whole hog, hire a lawyer, stand his trial and make business for the new courthouse."

This was the general sentiment, and by the time the drinks went round even those who at first kicked on account of the pony's tail and the worn-out condition of the dead man's back, in view of the prisoner's zeal for law and order and the boom a big murder trial would give the new county seat, were greatly mollified, and between drinks gave him sundry pointers on murder trials and recommended divers lawyers for the defense, whose fame had traveled further into the sagebrush than they had.

Mr. Shagg Thompson as a prisoner of the state under indictment for murder became a far greater object of interest than he ever was as a mere gambler and range rider. Indeed, during the next day or two he was frequently addressed as Colonel Thompson, and but for the appearance of other parties on the scene might have gotten a "rise" out of the incident very different from what he actually did get. These parties were a blue-eyed, fair-skinned, buxom young woman, with a great profusion of yellow hair, and two little girls, the oldest not more than six years of age and the youngest a child in arms. They were the wife and children of the man who had paid the penalty for rudeness with his life. It appeared that he was a Swede not long in the country and had ridden down to Cactus City to file on a homestead somewhere out in the sagebrush, and when he failed to return, his wife saddled the remaining pony and taking one child in her lap and the other up behind her, rode in to look after him. When she stopped before the door of the Redlight and made inquiry for her man in broken English, Sheriff McGee stepped out and informed her that he had happened to the unfortunate accident of being killed.

"Keeled!" cried the woman, springing down from the pony and rushing up to him. "Keeled! In de name of Gortt, mans, do you tells me dat my Jan is been murdered?"

"Killed, inquested and buried four days ago," answered the sheriff, feelingly. "He was laid out on that very bench, and you can see his blood on it yet." Then the yellow-haired woman dropped into the alkali sand and throwing herself down by the rude bench kissed the bloody smirches that had dried there, moaning and sobbing, and cry-

ing out piteously in her own language which none present could understand. The oldest girl climbed down from the pony and tried to put her arms around her mother's neck, but the woman shook her off in her fierce sorrow and despair, and extending her arms along the blood-stained bench pressed her face down upon them while the great shock of yellow hair fell loose, rolled over and lay upon the sand.

Sheriff McGee took off his hat, and the crowd followed suit. Notwithstanding the new order, the courthouse and the railroad spur, women were a scarce article in Cactus City, and objects of interest under any circumstances. But here was a woman and little girls under circumstances calculated to move hearts anywhere, and the rude men were moved. "By G—d!" said Rough-and-ready Jones, as he turned into the saloon, "there's a purty little woman that's got her heart broke by a d—d cutthroat that ain't fit to eat the dirt she walks on!" This remark met with general approval, and if Mr. Shagg Thompson had been present it is more than likely this story would have been shorter. But Mr. Thompson, who was now on parole, was absorbed in a game of stud poker in another saloon further down the street.

After some five minutes' wailing over the bench stained with the blood of her murdered husband the woman sprang up and frantically embraced her children, calling down curses on the slayer of their father. "Oh, Jan, Jan," she cried, "to think dat you come away across de big sea to make de home for de leetle ones and be murdered like de dog! Show me de man who murder him!" she cried, with sudden energy, rushing up to McGee, "an' I will kill him wid dese hands!" McGee, who by this time had entirely lost his nerve and was as pale as a half-baked flapjack, tried to pacify her, but she would not listen, and walked up and down before the Redlight wailing and wringing her hands. The baby dug its pink fingers in the sand and cried softly, while the older one hung on to its mother's skirt crying and dragging after her. Presently the missionary who led the forlorn hope in Cactus City and preached in a tent came along and persuaded her to go with him to his shack, where his good wife took her and the children in with that Christian hospitality which makes religion the refuge of the sorrowing and unfortunate.

When Mr. Thompson finished his game and came on the street he remarked a changed atmosphere. The cordiality which had been

extended to him before, especially during the few days in which as a prisoner he was unarmed, was perceptibly withheld. He met with scowls instead of smiles, and Don't-keer-'fi-do Bill Smith, a notorious sponge and dead-beat, who neither worked, played nor fought, even went so far as to take him aside and advise him as a friend to pull his freight without waiting for any schedule. This Thompson indignantly refused to do. "H—l, man," said he, with a swagger of importance, "I'm a prisoner of the law now, and I ain't goin' to jump no bond an' do no runnin' away till the case is tried an' justice cuts her caper. Not by a d—d sight! I've wrote for my lawyer, and I'm goin' to give you the hottest legal fight that was ever pulled off west of the Mississippi an' don't you forget it!"

However, the blue-eyed woman and the babies made such an impression on Cactus City that things could not remain *in statu quo*.

Sandy McMonies, the proprietor of the Redlight, refused to set up liquor on Thompson's order and told him pointedly that he would rather have his room than his money. Force of habit impelled Mr. Thompson to reach for his gun, but being a prisoner in the eye of the law he found himself dismantled and contented himself with assuring McMonies that he would see him later. By the next day, so much had the atmosphere of Cactus City become surcharged with sympathy for the widow and orphans and consequent antipathy for Thompson that the sheriff deemed it wise to cancel his parole and take him in charge for his own protection. This feeling continued to grow rather than abate, and it was only when McGee had locked his prisoner in the courthouse, appointed several determined men as deputies and informed the public generally, and a squad of men with a rope in particular, that his prisoner could only be reached by climbing over his bleached bones, that Cactus City settled down to wait for the legal outworking of the problem according to the new order. It happened that the time set for the first session of the circuit court in the new county was only about three weeks off and during this time Mr. Thompson was kept in close confinement in the improvised courthouse, guarded by the sheriff or one of his deputies. The prisoner might have escaped almost any time during those three weeks, but as has been remarked, he was a practical man, and knew he was safer as a prisoner in the custody of a sheriff who would maintain the

dignity of his office and the new order of law and progress with his life, than he could possibly be anywhere within a hundred miles of Cactus City, unless he were traveling in a particularly high-flying balloon. The missionary preached the murdered man's funeral in the tent, which was packed to the doors, and took up a handsome collection for the widow and orphans. Except the deputies, nobody had anything to do with the prisoner now but "Don't-keer-'fi-do Smith, and he simply acted in the capacity of common carrier, exchanging Mr. Thompson's money for sundry bottles of red liquor and helping him to dispose of them when they were delivered at the other end of the route. The widow arrayed in a black dress of the missionary's wife, was the particular pride of Cactus City, and a full dozen sympathizers, including the sheriff, only waited for an opportunity to propose matrimony. McMonies, indeed, who was a business man and knew the commercial value of promptness, made bold to address her a tender missive the third week of her widowhood expressing his "heartfelt sorrier for her lonesome condition," and offering to "sheer his hart and home with her and her afflicted kids in the holy estate of matrimony."

It is natural to suppose that this communication would be treated with contempt, but such was not the case. By the advice and direction of the missionary who was wise in his generation, the widow sent a reply to Mr. McMonies' letter couched in noncommittal terms of mingled sorrow and gratitude, thanking him for his generous interest and sympathy, but assuring him that she was so bowed down by her great wrong that she really could not give her thoughts to anything else until it was righted and stern justice meted out to the slayer of her husband and the father of her unfortunate children. So far from being discouraged by this answer, the wealthy proprietor of the Redlight immediately dispatched another note telling her that if she hung back for justice, to "stand pat and keep a stiff upper lip, for justice would surely get there with both feet."

Three weeks would have been a long wait for Mr. Thompson, subjected as he was to the unaccustomed confinement of prison life and the social ostracism which he was powerless to resent, but for the fact that he was kept constantly filled up with whisky and made no note of time. Court day came at last, and with it Judge Woods, the state's attorney, and some half dozen other lawyers,

including Colonel Starbuck, who was to represent the defendant.

Everything conspired to make it the greatest day in the history of Cactus City or Bull Creek. First, it was the initial sitting of the circuit court in the new county, and men had ridden over leagues and leagues of sagebrush to see Judge Woods press the button that was to start the ponderous judicial machinery in motion. Second, this machinery was to start on big grist in the person of Shagg Thompson, who was well known in every part of the alkali district where cards were played or powder burned. Last, but not least, there was the widow, the fame of whose beauty and wrongs had traveled far and wide, and had so grown and improved by travel as to match one of the rich, old, romantic stories of "The Table Round" when Arthur's knights rode up and down the world seeking for some foul wrong to right or fair woman to defend. This widow, with her blue eyes and black dress, had fairly boomed Cactus City, and her every appearance on the streets was the signal for an ovation.

The court opened with the greatest éclat. There were enough in attendance to fill the court-house twice over, but as the crowd divided its attention about equally between the bar of justice and that of Mr. McMonies' in the Redlight saloon, reasonable accommodations were found for it in both places. "O yes! O yes! O yes! the honorable circuit court of Cactus County is now in session!" cried Sheriff McGee. Judge Woods pressed the button, metaphorically speaking, the judicial wheels began to turn, and the newly set-up legal machinery of Cactus County moved off without hitch or jar. It is not necessary to dwell on all the details of this famous trial. It was taken in by almost every male citizen of Cactus County who had arrived at the years of maturity and was not too drunk to follow the proceedings, and is dwelt upon with pride by both the new law-and-order element of Cactus City and the more conservative element which had always claimed that Bull Creek was good enough for them. It was one of those cases, rare in history, where both sides boasted of victory and neither mourned defeat. And so every citizen of Cactus City speaks with pride of that remarkable trial until to-day. The widow sat within the bar with her fatal black dress and more fatal blue eyes, the baby on her lap, the little girl on one side and the missionary's wife on the other. The prisoner sat by the side of his counsel, but

was so changed by three weeks of confinement and an exclusive liquid diet as to be scarcely recognizable by his former friends. His face was putty colored and flabby, his nerve was clean gone, and he wore a dazed and uncertain expression, as though he had swallowed a steel trap and was half expecting it to spring and catch him on the inside. But for the presence of the widow and orphans his changed appearance would have inspired commiseration. As it was, he could not but see that he was regarded with loathing by those who had fawned upon him and drank his liquor in other days, and his heart was bitterer, weight for weight and bulk for bulk, than any lump of alkali dirt from Salt Lake City to the Rio Grande.

It being the first sitting of the court, there was no regular jury panel, and the sheriff was instructed to summon a special venire from which to draw a jury to try the case. This, it seems, had been anticipated, for when he left the courthouse, McGee proceeded directly to the Redlight, where McMonies handed him a sheet of paper on which was a list of names.

"They are all solid, are they?" asked the sheriff.

"Sure!" responded the man behind the bar as he sent fourteen thick-bottomed glasses whirling like dancing dervishes down the long counter to fourteen thirsty men, followed by three or four black bottles that skated along the smooth board and stopped upright at regular intervals like a squad of well-trained soldiers. This list was presented as the special venire, and from it twelve good men and true were selected to try the case.

As we have said, it is needless to go into all the details of this trial. Motions, counter-motions, objections, exceptions, precedents, fervent promises of opposing counsel to see each other later, etc., etc. The state showed the murdered man to have been an honest citizen who knew little of the language or customs prevailing in Cactus City, attending to his own business when he was shot down without warning or provocation. The evidence brought out by the coroner's inquest, including Thompson's statement, was placed before the jury, and the state rested. The defense introduced no testimony and did not deny the facts set up by the state, but when it came to the pleading, Colonel Starbuck made the effort of his life. He pictured Thompson to the jury as a bluff, brave, generous, open-hearted, open-handed man, who would never have thought of ac-

costing the stranger except to do him a kindness. He then drew a sinister word picture of the dead man, who was referred to as a haughty, narrow-minded, small-souled man, representative of that pernicious foreign element that is tryin' to crowd Americans out of America and set up customs sanctioned by the effete monarchies of Europe. "Far be it from me," exclaimed Colonel Starbuck, bowing dramatically to the widow within the bar, "to wound the female heart or cause a mist of tears to obscure the brightness of eyes that shine like the stars of Heaven!" (Spontaneous applause.) "Far be it from me to speak evil of the dead! I would fain believe that narrow, mean, despicable spirit which could thus give insult for courtesy and treat with silent contempt one of the most sacred customs of our glorious West, was a constitutional infirmity, the heritage of centuries of ignorance and oppression. But while as such it might palliate the offense, it could not be expected to shield the offender from the just consequences of his act!"

At great length he went on to show that men must be judged according to the conditions, environment and customs by which they are surrounded and not by an abstract ideal of justice which does not consider these things.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, in conclusion, "I will admit that according to the customs of Europe, or even of Boston, my client would not have been justified in the manner and extent of his resentment; but what are these customs to us of the glorious West, inured to the God-given freedom of the plains! By our customs and the unwritten law of Cactus City, the social and commercial oasis of the desert and the brightest jewel that flings back the rays of the occidental sun as he sets in gorgeous splendor

(cheers) he was justified, and I ask you, as good American citizens, loyal to the customs of our great country, to acquit this man and bring in a verdict of not guilty!" He sat



Sheriff McGee took off his hat and the crowd followed suit."

down amid a storm of applause, and but for the silent potency of the black dress and blue eyes his case would have been won. In comparison with these the cheers and hurrah were but atmospheric vibrations like the whirlwind that preceded the "still small voice" when the prophet stood on the mount of Horeb.

The state's attorney tore the arguments of defendant's counsel into shreds, ridiculed his "bunkum" oratory and pointing his long forefinger at the widow and orphans, where they sat within the bar, exclaimed, with in-

tense fervor, "Gentlemen of the jury, we pursue no unreal, intangible Holy Grail! We desire no abstract, ideal justice! We seek—yea, we demand—common, everyday, old-fashioned justice for this heartbroken woman and these fatherless children!" (Tremendous sensation, the widow fainting in the arms of the missionary's wife.) "Yes, gentlemen of the jury, that commonplace, worldwide and age-long justice that was ordained by Godalmighty, who said, 'Thou shalt not kill!' and who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless! In His name, and for the honor and fair fame of your beautiful young city, I ask of you, and feel that I ask you not in vain, for a verdict of murder in the first degree!"

He sat down as the unconscious widow was being carried out through the press, and the judge charged the jury briefly that if they found the deceased had come to his death by the hand of the defendant without just and adequate provocation they should return a verdict of guilty as charged in the indictment. He also instructed them that the mere refusal to drink with the defendant or to speak to him or notice him in any way was in no sense a provocation, as a man was under no obligations by law or custom to exchange courtesies with any other man—especially a stranger—if he did not feel so disposed. "And now, gentlemen," said he, "you will please retire with an officer of the court and make up your verdict."

"Well, Jedge," said the foreman, rising without a moment's hesitation, "we can go out if you say so, but our verdict's done made up."

"Ah!" said the judge, urbanely, "I surmised as much, as but one verdict is possible under the circumstances. Very well, gentlemen, what is your verdict?"

"We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty."

"What!" thundered the judge, glaring over his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Not guilty!" shouted the state's attorney, springing to his feet.

"Great God! can it be possible?" cried the missionary, looking toward the jury box with mingled horror and indignation.

"We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty," repeated the foreman, in a quiet, unimpassioned voice, as though the matter had been settled some time long anterior to the glacial period.

"Do you all indorse that verdict?" asked the judge, directing a glance at the jury

panel that would have withered a healthy gourd vine.

"So say we all," answered the jury, stolidly.

"Then I must say, gentlemen, after an experience of twenty years on the bench, this is the most remarkable miscarriage of justice I ever witnessed. The jury is discharged without the compliments of the court."

Colonel Starbuck rushed over to the jury and began to shake hands like a revivalist at a camp-meeting. "By gad, boys, I knew you'd stand by one another! Every d—d thing is on me and Shagg, and you are all invited to a blowout at the Redlight tonight. Mr. Thompson also suddenly seemed galvanized into life. Color came into his face again, and he, too, pressed forward to thank the jury.

"Pete, I'm your friend till death!" he exclaimed, with great ardor, grabbing the foreman's hand.

"Oh, hell!" said the jurymen, in a cold, matter-of-fact tone, as he pulled his hand away, "that ain't sayin' so d—d much after all."

Court adjourned in an uproar. A very few came forward and congratulated the defendant and his counsel, but the great mass swayed out cursing Thompson, Starbuck and the new fangled *régime* of law and order, and deployed in solid platoons to the Redlight to make the winter of their discontent glorious summer with hot whisky. It was noticeable, though, that the jury never broke ranks, and when the last detachment of the courthouse throng reached the door, Mr. Shagg Thompson found himself the center of a compact squad composed of the twelve jurymen who had just acquitted him.

By a singular coincidence, as the thirteen men reached the door, McMonies rode up with a new rope on his arm and leading thirteen ponies saddled for the road. "What does this mean?" cried Thompson, turning pale and trying to draw back. "Put him up!" shouted the mounted leader. There was a little stir and commotion, an imprecation or two, a flutter of legs and arms in the air as of a momentary glimpse of a miner's clothesline on a windy day, and Mr. Thompson was astride of a bench-legged mustang, with his feet tied together underneath. "Ride!" And the cavalcade, headed by McMonies, started down the one straggling street of Cactus City.

Everybody divined the purpose of the movement in a moment, and from the Red-

light to the Imperial Hotel, a barn-like hashery two blocks further down, where the judge and bar were hanging out, the street was filled with men who cheered wildly and punctuated their applause with salvos of side artillery. Colonel Starbuck rushed into the middle of the street calling on the mob in the name of the law to stop and release his client.

When they got abreast of the Imperial, Judge Woods, with a commanding gesture, ordered them to halt. The leader drew rein and the cavalcade came to a stand. "Gentlemen," said the judge, in a loud, clear voice, that could be heard by everybody in the street, "you have had it in your power to mete out justice to your prisoner in a manner sanctioned by law and civilization. It is superfluous to say that I expected you to do it. But since you have failed to do it in the constituted courts, I beg that you will not blacken the fair fame of your promising town by attempting to correct your mistake by a resort to the disorderly and uncivilized methods of the past. It is better that ninety-nine guilty men should go unhung than that one should suffer by mob law. In the name of the state whose judiciary I represent, I command you to release your prisoner and disperse!"

While the judge was speaking McMonies tapped his stirrup leather with his coil of new rope in an abstracted way, and when the speech was finished, he addressed the court. "If your Honor please, I would like to ask if you have been treated white since

you struck Cactus City?"

"I have," answered the judge.

"Didn't your court run as smooth as seven-year-old rye, and didn't every man line up for law and order?"

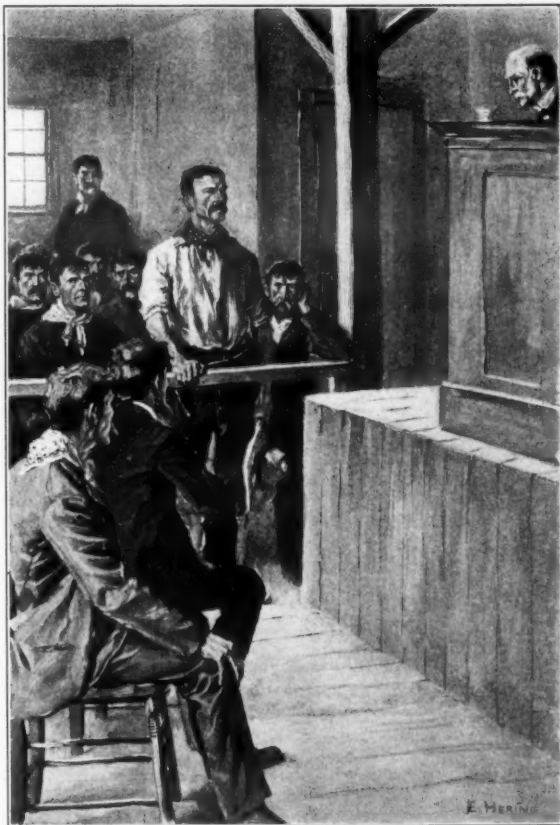
"I have no complaint to make on that score," said the judge.

"Ain't this man been tried accordin' to law and acquitted accordin' to law? Ain't Cactus City done its duty by you and your court and showed to the world that it can stand for law and order?"

"I can't say but it has," assented the judge.

"Thank you, Judge. Two

blocks up the street is the Redlight saloon, owned and managed by Sandy McMonies, at your service. I have in that saloon some rye whisky seven years old, as soft as velvet, as pure as the dewdrop of heaven, and to die full of it would be a passport that would take a man straight to heaven. I invite you, Judge, and the state's attorney and Colonel Starbuck to go up and drink at my expense. Tell the boys to give you the demijohn with the red wicker. Now, I just ask you, Judge, if we've done our duty



"Well, Jedge," said the foreman, "we can go out if you say so, but our verdict's done made up."

by you and the court and Cactus City and law and order?"

"I must say you have," said the judge, bowing and pleased with his success in handling the mob.

"Then, by G—d, Bull Creek will have its innings!" shouted the leader, rising in his stirrups and shaking the coil of new rope above his head. "Ride!" As the company moved down the street, stirring up a cloud of alkali dust, the judge turned round and remarked, "By G—d, Starbuck, I've seen and heard jokes that made me laugh, but I'll be d—d if I don't believe this one will throw me into hysterics! Let's go and drink some of that McMonies' whisky. Hell and gingercakes, but he's a brick!"

"It may be a joke to you, Judge," responded Colonel Starbuck, rather mournfully, as they walked off together, "but it's no laughing matter to me. That cut-throat has got a thousand dollars more money and but for this fool caper I expected to win every cent of it to-night."

The sun was just kissing the purple horizon which seemed to rim the desert of sagebrush and alkali sand, and beyond that purple horizontal line fantastic peaks and spires and domes of white and golden-tinted clouds cut up into the opaline effulgent ether as the heavenly city may have risen on the view of the inspired seer of Patmos. Out into the stillness of the desert and unmindful of the beauty of the sunset, rode the rough men with stern and set purpose written on their faces; and not a word was spoken until they rounded up under a gnarled mountain cedar, which being the only tree in twenty miles of Cactus City that would hold up a man, had often done duty before the days of court-houses, railroad spurs and the new order of law and progress. Mr. Thompson's broncho was led under the tree, and McMonies adjusted the rope around his neck while another stooped and unlashed his feet. The rope was made fast to the limb without a word, and the crowd fell back. "Mr. Thompson," said McMonies, politely, "you are about ready to cross the Divide, and we wish to extend to you every courtesy that custom warrants. Is there anything you would like to say before you swung out?"

The doomed man swallowed convulsively a

time or two, as if there was something in his throat that wouldn't go down, and then looking around asked feebly if there was any liquor in the crowd. A man rode up and presented to him a flask of which he drank about half without stopping to draw breath. Then he smacked his lips and drew a long breath. "Well, boys," he said, "I guess it's up to me, an' I ain't squealin'. I kinder hate to go out this way, but it's better than dyin' in bed like a preacher or a woman. I don't know as I've got any hard feelin's against anybody, not even the widdier that stacked the cards on me and swiped the pot. I paid that lawyer a thousand dollars to defend me, and I expected to win that back to-night, but the way things has turned out I guess he'll carry it away in his jeans unless some of the rest of you care to go up against him."

"Is that all?" asked McMonies.

"I believe so. But wait a minute," he continued, after a slight hesitation. "I'm thinkin' perhaps after all that d—d fool didn't mean anything, and I never gave him a fair show. I never shot a man in the back before, and it riles me. I've got a thousand or two dollars in my saddlebags that I left with old "Fatty," at the Imperial, and I've thought perhaps you might hand that over to the widow and kids as a kind of setoff. That's all."

"Mr. Thompson," said McMonies, reining up by his side, "those last remarks of yours rather put you out of the class of men who go over the trail this way, and I think we are justified in establishing a precedent"—extending his hand, which was grasped by the prisoner. "Boys, all of you who wish to shake hands with Mr. Shagg Thompson in seeing him off will ride round and do so."

They all rode up and shook the prisoner's hand. A moment's silence and then a quirt whistled through the air, the broncho bounded forward, the gnarled old cedar trembled convulsively, as it had done on many similar occasions before, and thirteen men wended their way back through the alkali dust to the Redlight, and had drinks on the proprietor. The fourteenth man wended his way somewhere, too, but whither, who can tell? "Quien sabe?" as the greasers say.

THE BURNING MONTANA

BY LAWRENCE T. SMYTH

THOSE who had to do with the East India ice trade know how quickly an ice ship may be transformed from a floating refrigerator into a floating furnace. Several of the ships of the once famous Tudor fleet went that way—burned at sea. One is not surprised to hear of the burning of an oil ship, but an ice ship on fire? Very strange that will seem if one doesn't happen to know what easy prey she is to flames. It is not the ice, of course, that burns, although the frozen cakes furnish some of the elements of combustion. It is the dunnage—that is, the sawdust or hay in which the ice is packed through which the fire runs with wonderful rapidity. There is a good deal of this dunnage about ice packed for export to hot climates, and once a fire gets into it there is little hope of saving the ship. All hands may work at the pumps until they are ready to drop, and enough water to fill the ship, as they think, may be poured into her hold, but still the clouds of steamy smoke will curl up from below, and still the decks will shrink and blister with the heat of the furnace under them. The fire starts, no one knows how, no one knows when. Perhaps a stevedore, lighting his pipe, may have dropped a spark in the dry dunnage while the ice was being stowed in the vessel's hold, and that spark has lived, spitefully, treacherously, through days and weeks, even months, all the time growing until a fiery canker, eating through the tinder-stuffed crevices between the ice cakes, bursts forth in a fever of flame, fed by gases from the melting ice. Then it is lower away the boats and get out of her—take what you can carry and get out of the furnace, quick!

As I have said, several of the Tudor ships were burned at sea. Just what happened when the fire overwhelmed some of them will never be known, for no one lived to tell. But there are those living who were in the *Montana* when, in the middle of the Indian Ocean, she suddenly turned from a cool, clean ship into a hot and smoky volcano, and was raced eight days before the wind to reach the nearest land, or, rather, the nearest rock, for the goal was St. Paul's Island

—a volcano that had, for the time at least, gone out of business.

It was early in the year 1872 when the Tudors, of Poston, were shipping great quantities of ice to the East Indies, that the *Montana*, a fine, new, 1,400 ton, Newburyport-built half-clipper, sailed from that port for Rangoon, with all the ice she could hold and a crew of twenty-six men, all told. Her master was Captain Horace Atwood, of Hampden, Maine, one of those typical down-East Yankees who had been everything at sea from cabin boy to skipper. She was well-built, well-found and well-manned, a smart sailor in good trim, and there was every reason to expect that she would make a good run and add considerably to the Tudor riches.

It was a good run down to the Cape of Good Hope, and well into the Indian Ocean, and Captain Atwood was confident that a very high percentage of his cargo would go over the rail at Rangoon at fifteen cents a pound. He was figuring that as very little of the ice had come up through the pumps in the form of ice water, the voyage of the *Montana* would be a feather in his cap and a good thing for the house of Tudor, when something happened that made him forget his estimates of meltage.

A smart shower had come up, and a man was sent to get a tub from the fore peak to catch some fresh water. This was usual, and the order to catch water from the sky showed that Harkins, the second mate, who had charge of the watch on deck at the time, was a careful man. Presently, however, there was a great hubbub on deck, and Captain Atwood poked his head out at the companionway to see what it was about. He was halfway up the companion steps when he heard one word that brought him to the top in one jump—"Fire!"

The watch stood in a huddle just aft the mainmast, and Harkins had the man who had gone for the tub gripped by the collar, staring at him. The man, wild-eyed and breathless, was jabbering away furiously and pointing forward. The others stood like statues, pale-faced and open-mouthed, till

the second mate, following with his eyes the wave of the sailor's hand, saw a little cloud of smoke rising above the fore peak. Then Harkins brought them all to life with the yell:

"Clap on that hatch—quick with it or —"

With the instinct of the deep-water second mate, he reached toward the pin rail. But he needed no belaying pin to make them jump—the men were halfway to the open hatchway, falling over one another in their haste, before the sound of the second mate's voice had died away. Then Harkins turned to the captain, calling McKinnon, the man who had gone for the water tub, to come aft. McKinnon told, trembling as he jerked the words out, how when he had lifted the hatch a puff of smoke and steam—"nasty-smelling, like bilge water, sir"—had come up in his face and nearly stifled him. Master and mate exchanged glances. Both were old sailors, and both understood, with not a word spoken. They had a "hot ship" under them.

Captain Atwood gave an order in an undertone to Harkins, and told him to call Mr. Crosby, the first mate, and Smith, the carpenter. Then he went below and got out his charts. While he was bending over the scratched and pin-dotted sea maps, Mate Crosby came in and stood silently behind him. Presently the captain placed the point of the dividers on a speck on the chart, and turning aside so that the mate could see, waited silently for that officer to speak.

"St. Paul's," was the laconic response of Mr. Crosby.

The captain nodded. "How long, with a fair wind and everything on her?" he asked.

"Eight or ten days," answered Crosby.

"Clap on every rag she owns!" said the captain. "It's the only chance, for we're out of everybody's way here, reaching so far to the east'ard. Give it to her, Mr. Crosby."

Crosby nodded and went on deck.

Then began the most terrifying struggle that can be imagined—a race with fire at sea. The dreadful news had by this time reached every man on board, and the watch below, wakened from heavy sleep and dreams of quick runs and full pockets on shore, came tumbling up to face the terror and to lend a hand in a sailing match for life. There were a couple of Dutchmen who acted a bit slow in obeying quick orders, and they were materially assisted by the second mate. They didn't understand how the *Montana* could burn with a hold full of ice, but the

bo's'n, a tall, raw-boned Scotchman, helped them out by holding their noses down close to the fore peak hatch, where they could smell the smoke. Says Grant—the bo's'n:

"Ye dinna see hoo can she blaze up—oho! Weel, ye'll see—an' feel, when the planks get a' heaty under ye!"

The *Montana* by this time was carrying everything up to her kites, and was slashing along at a tea-clipper rate. So far as speed was concerned, there was nothing more to do, and the men just stood around and watched her go. The carpenter had been having some talk with Captain Atwood, and now he came along into the waist with an armful of augers. "Bear a hand here, and get some holes in this deck!" called out Harkins, and for half an hour the crunch of the augers was heard, eating through the soft, white pine planks. Then the watch was set at work with buckets pouring water down through the rows of holes, and after every bucketful up came a puff of yellowish steam, with a sickly smell about it. The time had come to change watches, but no one seemed to notice it. The men's arms ached with dipping over the side and hauling up the heavy buckets, but they kept at it. Thinking that they were putting out the fire gave them courage. Had they heard what the captain said to his mates as the three sat moodily over their supper, the sailor firemen would have quit right there and made a rush for the boats. The captain said:

"Might as well pump into hell, so far's stoppin' that fire's consarned—may kinder keep it under, though, till we can get solid footin'." The mates agreed in expressive glances. There was nothing to be said, but there were some things to do. Master and mates knew that there was no saving the *Montana*. They knew that an ice ship, like an ice house, once on fire would burn and burn, till nothing remained or till the decks were eaten through, the masts went by the board and she went down a seething wreck. But they were hoping to keep the fire under for, say, eight days—hoping for the best and longing for St. Paul's.

Days came and went, and the fire raged with increasing fury under the *Montana's* decks. The fore peak hatch was taken off, and a line of hose from a powerful force pump poked down to pour more water into her. The water brought more yellow steam, more bad smells, and now a copper-colored smoke. The men, nearly suffocated, leaned far out over the weather rail to get fresh air, and some of them forgot their danger

long enough to damn the luck that brought them on the ice ship. "Sure, an' she's worse nor any oil lugger, or any old cotton hooker, blazin' an' sizzlin'—that she is!" declared one of them as he lifted his foot and stooped to feel of the sole of his shoe. The leather was warm—almost hot. The decks were literally baking, and the pitch was beginning to show in little bubbles here and there, while the oakum was loose and dry in the widening seams.

Every day the decks became hotter, and the men wore their heaviest boots. Sudden belchings of smoke and steam at times drove all hands into the rigging, where the air was better. On the fifth day the attempt to drown the fire or to keep it under with water, was abandoned. The rows of holes in the deck were plugged up tight and the hatches newly calked, but the belchings of the volcano came through the seams as through the meshes of a sieve. In the cabins and in the forecabin there was no living; even the cook, a black man who was regarded by the crew as almost fireproof, was driven from his galley. All hands were obliged to stay on deck, part of the time in the rigging. It was a godsend that the weather held fine.

Anxiously Captain Atwood and his mates studied the chart, and noted the ship's speed and her changing position as pricked off every noon. The eighth day came, and with it a falling glass. The first mate, a man used to eastern waters, and schooled in the weather's ways in that part of the world, gazed at the barometer and then at the sky. "Wind," he remarked, briefly. "Plenty of it," said the captain, "let's get something into those boats."

Into the boats went everything needed that could be carried safely—food, water, the medicine chest, clothing, and the boats were trailed out astern on a strong hawser. The men worked gladly, feverishly, at this. They could see no land, but they felt that "the old man" was "going to shake her." Having done all there was to do in this way, the crew gathered in the waist and seemed to be waiting for an order to bring her to the wind. No order came from the group on the quarter, and the men, after peering expectantly through the smoke a bit, jumped on the rail and climbed up to the sheer-poles, where they perched like so many crows.

The captain had been below, and as he came up he remarked to the mate: "We ought to be raising it about now, Mr. Crosby."

"Yes—yes, sir; I'm looking for it myself, any time. Got a good man aloft. Waiting to hear from him——"

"Land, ho-oho!"

Had a thunderbolt struck the *Montana* and taken the masts out of her it could not have jumped all hands off their feet more suddenly than that hail—that welcome, droning cry from the foretop. The captain and his mates clenched their fists tightly and looked eagerly, fiercely aloft.

"Ahoy, the foretop—where away," shouted the captain. And the cry came back:

"Point off th' starboard bow-ow!"

"None too soon," said Captain Atwood, and the mate answered, as he rubbed his eyes, red with the smoke, "Not an hour."

Rapidly the *Montana* came up with the land, and faster the purple cloud astern came up with her. When the island was showing well out the order came: "All hands shorten sail—lively, now!" and the way the canvas came off the *Montana* would be a lesson for cup defenders.

St. Paul's Island, be it understood, is nothing more than the crater of a volcano, rising a few feet above the surface of the Indian Ocean and formed like a great bowl, with fathomless depths all around and close aboard. Captain Atwood knew that there was little holding ground for an anchor, and that he would have to get close in to find any bottom, so he brought her to under the lee of the island, in the face of half a gale, and let go all the hooks he had. It was all done so neatly and quickly that the anchors got good ground and held, and there the smoking, steaming *Montana* swung, her crew almost in a panic of impatience to leave her before the raging furnace in her hold should burst through the decks and drive them pell-mell into the sea. Captain Atwood and the mates were also in a hurry to quit the ship, but they had a few more things to get into the boats—more stores, rigging and sails, and the charts and instruments. This done, Captain Atwood gave the order to man the boats and get away. It was time. The long boat, in the lead, had just grated her nose on the rocky beach when, with a roar like a tornado, the fire came through the *Montana's* decks and, soaring aloft in a red and black torrent, ate up her sails and rigging like chaff. Soon the masts went by the board, and before night there was nothing left of the ship but her hull under water, and a blackened heap of ice in its depths.

Saved from the fire ship, here they were,

the *Montana's* twenty-six men, where the air was sweet and clear, and the ground solid under them. They had a plenty to eat for a long time, from the ship's stores, and there would be no need of starving, anyway, for the sea there swarmed with good, fat fishes that would bite at any kind of bait—being greenhorn fishes, so to speak, and not used to the tricks of man. Then, again, millions of sea fowl circled about and perched on the rocks. The climate there is so mild that no one will suffer from cold so long as he can keep off the night mists and get under the lee of something when it blows hard. So there were only two things to worry about: First, was there any danger of the volcano, just then taking a nap, suddenly waking up? And, second, how long would they have to stay there? No answers being handy to either of these questions, the men fell to setting up tents with spars and sails and rigging halliards to a flagstaff that stood there, propped up among the boulders, like a sentinel to welcome them. The story of how the staff came to be there was told plainly enough by the tattered remnants of a British jack that fluttered from a shred of rope still clinging to the spar. British seamen had been cast away there, and they had gone—taken off, probably, and that gave the *Montana's* people hope, although her officers knew that few ships passed that way.

"We'll put up a different flag," said Captain Atwood, and they bent to the new halliards an American ensign, union down. Then there was nothing to do as the men said, but to "eat and sleep and wait in the bloody place," until some one came along and took them off. Nothing much happened during the first few days, except that one afternoon two men who sat perched on the rim of the great black bowl of the crater suddenly felt the rock quaking under them. There came an awful rumble, and some great boulders rolled down from the crater's edge and disappeared with a splash in the sea. "We might as well be roasted as to be flattened out with rocks like that," cried the Jackies, and they were for putting to sea at once in the long boat. "Oh," said Harkins, the second mate, "don't you fellers be in a hurry—there's only a few more rocks to roll down, and then you'll be all right."

With sharp eyes on the lookout all day and night, and with a flag signal by day and a fire after dark, the *Montana's* men waited

for deliverance from their prison island. As fate had arranged it, they had not long to wait, and their rescue came about strangely—they earned it by preserving the lives of their deliverers! One night, the sixth that they had been upon the island, some of the lookouts were astonished to see a big ship close in and bearing straight for the island, as though her people had not made out the land nor even the signal fire blazing upon the highest point of rock. In another minute or two she would bring up all standing on the rocky rim of the volcano, and that would be the last of her and her crew, for half a gale was blowing and a smart sea running.

Immediately the *Montana's* men set up a great shouting and flashing of lights, and at the last instant, as it seemed, the lookout of the ship saw and heard them. Over went her wheel, and she came up into the wind with a great creaking of yards and slapping of canvas, just clearing the rocks, and running off into deep water, where she was hove to while signals were exchanged. The ship stood off and on until morning, when, after lively work in an ugly sea, the *Montana's* men managed to get on board of her. She was a British ship, from Liverpool for Rangoon, which was the handiest thing possible for the castaways. Captain Atwood afterward found out that the master of the British ship was a great drunkard, and that the sailing of the vessel devolved entirely upon the mates, neither of whom knew enough about navigation of those waters to locate St. Paul's Island within a week's sail.

The crew of the *Montana* found other ships at Rangoon. Captain Atwood came home by steamer, and bade farewell to the sea. He thought it was about time to quit when he got as far as colonizing volcanoes. The captain felt that it was great luck to have the Britisher come blundering along as he did. The men thought it great luck, too, especially in view of a terrible possibility that occurred to little Johnny Mills, a sawed-off Englishman from "Liverpool town," after they had been taken off.

"An' I say, lads," cried little Johnny to his mates, "I say, did anny of ye ever think o' this—we might a stayed on th' bloomin' rock till Gawd knows when, an' us gettin' fat all th' time, but what would we a done directly, lads, an' us most out o' terbacky? I'm sayin', what would we a done?"

PA'S ORGY

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

EVERYBODY about the office felt sorry for Pa; from the Old Man, who was, of course, the head of the firm, to the freckled office boy, whose fiery hair gave to a somewhat gray place its one dash of color. The head bookkeeper had been heard to say that Pa led a dog's life, and the cashier often remarked that how Pa lived and supported that family on that salary was clear beyond him. The cashier knew what it was to support a much smaller family on a much larger salary, and found it a problem that taxed his finances to the utmost. What, then, became of Pa at the first of the month? asked the cashier.

It was part of the irony of fate that Pa, who was little and wrinkled, and altogether out of proportion to his huge mustachios, should have six tall and handsome daughters at home. Time was when his salary had been a little larger than now, and he had hesitated a long time about marrying. It seemed like flying in the face of Providence, he said, to ask any woman to live and keep house on a salary like that; but eventually he asked her, and she undertook to make the salary named suffice for herself and him. When the first little girl came she might have noticed a look of dismayed speculation on the countenance of Pa—his real name was John Henry Craig, but he became Pa from that date. As the five other little girls came in rapid succession the look of speculation deepened, and yet, somehow, the salary stretched to cover all of them, and clothe them, and give them a fair education.

"If there had been another one of 'em it couldn't have been done," Pa was wont to say, cheerily. "As it is, there's just enough; but another would have meant hard times for good."

Those were the days when somebody was always hurrying Pa.

"Hurry, now, Pa," Mrs. Craig would say the moment he arose from the breakfast table. "Hurry and get off—you'll be late for work—and you know you can't afford to lose that job."

And Pa hurried with cherubic cheerfulness, and trotted lightly off along the same old streets, around the same corners, over

the pavements his feet had helped to wear away.

Pa's clothes had a guilty way of falling into disrepute and looking sneaking and uncomfortable, but Mrs. Craig patched and darned those time-worn garments with exemplary fortitude.

"Of course, it doesn't matter so much what a man wears, Pa," she said. "Nobody ever notices what a man has on. With the girls, now, it's different. They have to look nice."

"Certainly, Mary," said Pa, brushing away at the garments which might be shabby, but were always clean. "Certainly. Do—they need anything special just now?"

Two or three years ago Mrs. Craig had died. She was believed to be delirious toward the last, for she kept muttering incoherently:

"Winter coming on—jackets for all the girls—your old coat will have to do another winter, Pa."

Having buried his wife, Pa went on taking care of the girls. The old coat "did," not only for another winter, but for still another winter after that. Shabbier, smaller, more bent, a little more bald, Pa was always at his desk, working with unflagging cheerfulness.

"No—I would rather keep my girls at home," he said to that good-natured friend of whom Byron speaks, when the said friend suggested that the girls might help Pa make a living. "Of course, if it were really necessary, you know—if I were to break down, or anything like that—why, then, I wouldn't mind it so much. But I don't like to see women out working when there's a great, strong man that ought to stand between them and the world."

And Pa lifted his head and squared his thin little shoulders in such a manner that the friend did not laugh, as he had meant to do at first. He felt quite confounded and rebuked. Pa had forgotten for the moment that the friend was six feet tall and strong in proportion, and that the friend's two daughters stood behind a counter from seven to five.

About this time Pa discovered to his

amazement that one of the six girls had a lover, and was thinking of being married some day not far off.

"Well, well! That Baby!" Pa said to his pipe half an hour afterwards. "I wonder what Mary'd say to that!"

And then Pa searched around and found some extra work that he could do outside of office hours.

"One of 'em's goin' to marry," he explained, cheerfully, to the Old Man. "She'll need a lot o' things, of course, and it's goin' to take hustlin'. Anything you can throw my way, now—I'll be much obliged."

Pa had scarcely recovered from the marriage of the first daughter before there were two more who wanted to have a double wedding.

"It's good they gave me a little time on that, or I'd never have made it," Pa said, drawing a long breath when it was over.

Then, in a little while there was another, and then another. Amazed and bewildered, Pa found himself all at once with only one of the pretty daughters at home, and that one flirting outrageously with half a dozen lovelorn young men. He knew what to expect now, any day. You might think they were babies, but suddenly you discovered that they had grown up and wanted a home of their own. Pa came out of a brown study, thinking of it.

"There's only one of 'em left, now," he told the cashier, genially, polishing his spectacles on the corner of his tie. "When that one marries I'll feel as though my responsibilities were pretty well done with. I've been thinkin' that I ought to celebrate it, somehow. It struck me just now that when Lena's married and got some one to look out for her, I'd go out an' have an orgy."

The astonished cashier could not get rid of the remark. He mentioned it to the Old Man, with forebodings.

"It 'ud be just like him to go all to pieces," said the Old Man, judicially. "When people have had something to hold them right up to the scratch for Lord knows how many years, and it's taken away all of a sudden, they generally go down with a bang. Take to hard drinking, more'n likely. Pity. He's a very useful man to have about."

"Yes, sir, I've fully decided to have an orgy," said Pa, a little later. There was the far-away light of speculation in his eyes. The office boy was so moved by it that he removed the gum he had been chewing and stuck it under the desk.

"Whatcher go't' do?" asked the office boy, hoarsely. Nobody was afraid of Pa.

"I haven't decided yet," said Pa, musingly. "Something altogether out of the usual line, though. Something that'll make me feel I'm free, you know, and can do as I please. It'll be a queer sensation, I haven't any doubt of that, but I think I'd like to try it once."

Pa spoke quite recklessly, and with a devil-may-care manner that thrilled the office boy to the marrow. What was Pa going to do? Break windows? "Sass" a policeman and go to the station? Run away in a muleship to South Africa and come back after a while with all his pockets so full of diamonds that he could sit in the very presence of the Old Man with his feet on the railing?

"She's going to be married next month," Pa whispered, mysteriously, to the cashier, one day; and though Pa was right there, and the cashier could not say a word, he made signs so effectively behind Pa's back that all the office understood at once. It is sad to relate that the cashier pictured forth the coming orgy by tilting his hat very much to one side, turning up his coat collar in the back, and making circular motions with his fists, as one who dares somebody to come on.

As the time drew near, Pa gave indications of a lightening heart. He was seen to sit at his desk with his faded brown derby on the back of his head, instead of hanging decently on its hook. He was heard on more than one occasion to warble under his breath a ditty which consisted principally of stirring words like, "Tum-tee-iddle-dum, tum-tum-tee." It was at this point that the cashier told him a man ought always to have his card in his pocket with his name and address, so that he could be identified in case—er—in case anything happened to him.

The Old Man was generosity itself.

"I understand it is quite an event with you, Mr.—Mr. Craig," he said. (He had come within one of forgetting the name.) "Your last daughter marries to-night, you say? Well, now, suppose you take a week off—salary to go on, of course—Oh, don't mention it! You've been with the firm a long time. And you'll find an extra V in your envelope. Good-by—hope you'll have a good time."

"Say, now, take care of yourself," said the cashier, urgently. "You know you ain't used to—to high jinks, you know."

When the cashier reached the office on the morning of the second day he found Pa at his desk. Pa's hat was in its place on the hook, and Pa's self was the shabby, neat, well-brushed self he had seen in that place for so many years.

"Back already!" cried the discomfited cashier. "What about that orgy you've been fixing up for so long?"

"Well, I had it," said Pa, beaming at him radiantly.

"Had it! The mischief! You don't look it!" said the cashier, who remembered an orgy or two of his own.

"Why, it wouldn't change my looks, naturally," said Pa, mildly. He had left off his work for the moment to rub his hands together with enjoyment. Happiness beamed in every glance.

"You see, I don't care for much excitement," he explained. "It's been excitement enough for me, just to make a lixing. What I want now is quiet, you know—and so I took ten cents and a bag of peanuts down to the ferry, and I rode seventeen times across the river and back again. You can ride all day, you know, if you pay the ten cents and don't get off—it's very nice. I've often wanted to do it. And I ate the peanuts and threw the shells at the gulls. I don't know when I ever have had such a day."

Pa's glasses had grown misty, and he was wiping them with the frazzled end of the little old silk tie.

The cashier was dumb. After a while he shook hands with Pa, and then they went to their work.

NOON

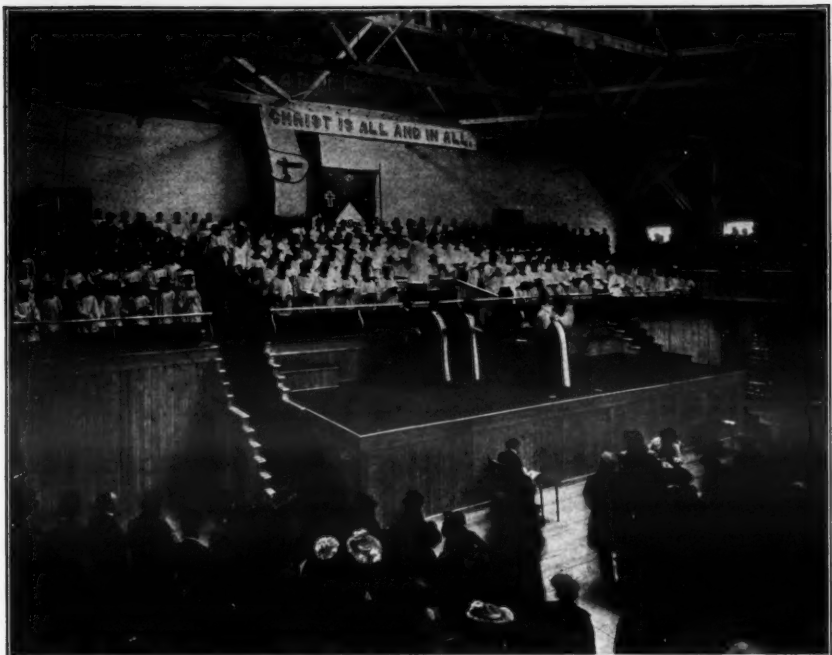
By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Shadder in de valley
Sunlight on de hill,
Sut'ny wish dat locus'
Knowed how to be still.
Don't de heat already
Mek a body hum,
'Dout dat insect' sayin'
Hottah days to come?

Fiel's a shinin' yaller
Wid de bendin' grain,
Guinea hen a callin',
Now's de time fu' rain;
Shet yo' mouf, you rascal,
Wha's de use to cry?
You do' see no rain clouds
Up dah in de sky.

Dis hyeah sweat's been po'in'
Down my face sence dawn;
Ain't hit time we's hyeahin'
Dat ah dinnah ho'n?
Go on, Ben an' Jaspah,
Lif' yo' feet an' fly,
Hit out fu' de shadder
Fo' I drap an' die.

Hongry, lawd a' mussy,
Hongry as a baib,
Seems lak I hyeah dinnah
Callin' evahwhaih;
Daih's de ho'n a blowin'!
Let dat cradle swing,
One mo' sweep, den da'kies,
Beat me to de spring!



Photo, Lawrence, Chicago.

Zion's White-robed Choir.

The dedication services of the temporary tabernacle at Zion City. Dowie, Mrs. Dowie and other overseers on the platform.

DOWIE AND DOWIEISM

By RICHARD LINTHICUM

THE biographies of latter-day prophets and Divine Healers present amazing instances of human credulity.

The crafty and imaginative founder of the Mormon Church had no more substantial foundation upon which to build than an alleged dream, in which an angel revealed to him the hiding place of a sacred book. Yet when he produced the book enough people believed in it to form a religious sect.

Long-haired fanatics and picturesque tramps announcing themselves as "Messiahs" have had attendant hosts of believers.

A pleasant-faced old lady in Massachusetts perpetrates a metaphysical idiosyncrasy, and in centers of culture and intelligence her followers erect churches in the name of Science—a monumental perpetuation of a monumental irony.

In this class of pseudo-religionists current

history has written the name of John Alexander Dowie; but the present prominence of that prophet and the abnormal growth of Dowieism cannot be accounted for wholly upon the hypothesis that Dowie is a grotesque fanatic or a spectacular charlatan, and that the chief asset of Dowieism is human credulity. Such a view, however clearly it may convey the popular impression concerning the man and his work, fails to do them justice.

John Alexander Dowie, Divine Healer, Founder and General Overseer of the "Christian Catholic Church in Zion," the reincarnation of the prophet Elijah, the Restorer and Messenger of the Covenant, multi-millionaire, banker, manufacturer, general merchant, hotel-keeper, editor, publisher, college educator, founder and "boss" of the Theocratic political party, the spiritual and temporal ruler of 60,000 people, high priest

of ten Chicago tabernacles, the fountain head of authority in a suburban municipality of ten square miles, a summer dweller in a \$50,000 cottage on the shores of his own Galilee, is no mere mendicant, itinerant healer like Schlatter; no mere drummer for a little, one-horse "Heaven," filled with female "angels," like Schweinfurth; no mere bungling fakir, like Joe Smith, no mere vulgar trickster like Blavatsky, no tyro of religious literature, like Mother Eddy.

He is the Phineas Taylor Barnum and the J. Pierpont Morgan, combined, of religion. He has the biggest tent and the biggest show. He is the sole proprietor and chief ringmaster. When public interest lags he clowns an act and renews the applause.

In his private office the commercial and industrial enterprises of Zion are merged by his own hand; he is the organizer, the consolidator, the financial agent, the tithe-gatherer, the depository and the legatee—all for the power and glory of Zion, which is Dowie.

In the space of twelve years this man has risen from a self-ordained exhorter in a ramshackle tabernacle to be, if not a great power, at least a great disturbing force in the religious, professional, industrial and political life of Chicago; an object of national curiosity and a live subject for general discussion and controversy.

Of his early life little is known, but from the meager scraps of autobiography which he gives out occasionally it is learned that one of his childish delights was to whistle hymns on the Sabbath, for which he was severely reproved by an elder of the Presbyterian Kirk in his native Scotland. In rising youth he was distinguished by "modest stillness and humility"—a statement which taxes the credulity of those outside of Zion. An ambition to become a great business man was suppressed until late in life by a still, small voice, which bade him take up his present calling.

Until he went to Chicago, and for several years thereafter, Dowie's career did not differ from that of the average evangelist who occasionally leaves the pulpit of his church to exhort upon street corners and town lots. After graduating from a theological seminary at Edinburgh he went to New South Wales, where he held temperance meetings in the streets and was put in jail. Twice the heavy cross of martyrdom was placed upon his broad shoulders during his combat with the Drink Devil—obstructing the thoroughfares is what the New South

Wales police called it—and then he went to Melbourne, Australia, and established the "Free Christian Tabernacle."

He had long suspected that he possessed a divine power of healing disease, and to test this power he began to experiment upon a stomachic disorder which he had brought with him from Scotland. The result, as the reader doubtless has anticipated, was a complete cure. When an epidemic of putrid fever broke out in Melbourne he went fearlessly among the sick to administer the Dowie treatment. Unfortunately, the only available statistics of that epidemic are contained in the mortality lists.

After a ten years' struggle with the antipodeans, Dowie came to the United States, arriving in San Francisco in 1888. Authorities differ as to the reason for this change of base. According to Dowie, he sought a wider field for his ministry, but the "vipers of the press," that are full of pig and are an abomination in the sight of Zion, say that he was driven out by the authorities.

His career in San Francisco was simply a repetition of the scenes that occur daily in the life of a free-lance exhorter. Dowie's real career began in 1890, when he went to Chicago. His avowed purpose in going there was "to fight the devil on his own ground."

This was a wise move for Dowie, for Chicago—as is known of all men—is not only a branch headquarters of his Satanic Majesty, but is, likewise, choice recruiting ground for all the ologies, isms and "sciences" ever conceived.

The hypnotic personality of the man, his spectacular methods, his patriarchal appearance, and his alleged power to heal disease, were all very impressive to the average city crowd that gathers through idle curiosity. More impressive still were the crutches, trusses and other trophies of "Divine Healing" with which he decorated the walls of his little tabernacle. The Barnum instinct, which is manifest in all his work, showed him the value of advertising in other directions. His denunciation of doctors and his unlicensed incursions in the realm of therapeutics at last assumed the proportions of an open quarrel between himself and the medical fraternity. He fomented a strife with the ordained clergy, and they mentioned him in their sermons. Mobs attempted to interfere with the proselyting work of his church, and gave him a boost toward notoriety. At last he became "news"—the daily press took cognizance of him, and he was made.



Photo copyrighted by Lawrence, Chicago.

John Alexander Dowie.

General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church.

Had Dowie been a man of less versatility his newspaper fame would perhaps have been as transitory as that of the average person who attracts attention by ultra-sensational methods. But Dowie is not an average man; he is a versatile genius. By the time people had grown tired of reading that a band of Dowieites had been arrested; that an effort would be made to indict Dowie for the death of some inmate of Zion who had passed away without medical treatment; that the fire department of Evanston had dispersed a Dowie meeting by turning

the hose on the gathering; that Dowie was violating the banking laws by refusing to make a public statement of the condition of Zion's bank, and other chronicles of a like nature, Dowie sprang a sensational masterpiece. He boldly announced that he was the reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah, who came first in his own proper person, next as John the Baptist, and now for the third time as John Alexander Dowie. Zion rejoiced, the religious press solemnly denounced the "unspeakable blasphemy," the humorists of the secular press made merry over the announcement and bestowed upon the prophet the nickname of "Lije," the credulous and the curious flocked to the tabernacle, and the fame of the "prophet for profit," as he has been called, resounded throughout the land.

The first four years in Chicago were lean years, financially, for Dowie, but in that time he laid the foundation for present-day Dowieism—or Zionism, as he prefers to call it.

To systematize the workings of his scheme and dignify the movement, the "Christian Catholic Church in Zion" was organized in 1894. Thenceforth Dowie was no longer the peripatetic seer and self-commissioned general of insurrectionary evangelism, but General Overseer of an organized religious "community of interests." The religious feature of the scheme was merely the cohesive nucleus of Dowieism. Dowie's plans included a material, as well as a spiritual Zion, with himself in the dual capacity of temporal and spiritual ruler. To perfect this plan he commercialized and industrialized "Zion," and added sociological and political features and a bureau of propaganda.

Dowieism, therefore, is not to be considered merely as a delusive cult or erratic religious movement, but as a co-operative, commercial, industrial, sociological, histrionic, therapeutical, political and religious enterprise, with Dowie as *entrepreneur* and chief beneficiary.

Dowie's first proselytes were people who believed or affected the belief that he had cured them of some physical ailment or disease. They willingly paid the tithes which Dowie uncompromisingly exacts from all of his followers, and many of them cast their entire fortunes—in some cases no inconsiderable amount—into the Dowie hopper.

Recruits from the ranks of the hypochondriacs, the superstitious, the over-credulous and the idle, re-enforced by the curious,

swelled his congregations beyond the capacity of any one of his tabernacles. He leased the Auditorium for his Sunday afternoon meetings and his multiplied hearers filled that great theatre to overflowing. At these meetings he is seen at his best, for it is in the rôle of spiritual ruler that he wields the absolute power over "Zion" which has led to his material achievements.

On the stage of no other theatre in Chicago are theatrical effects more carefully studied than at the Auditorium on a Sunday afternoon, and but few better actors than Dowie ever appear upon that or any other stage. The sight of a Dowie audience would make the average Thespian unhappy with envy.

The old familiar signal of turning up the footlights indicates that the performance is about to begin. The subdued notes of an organ are heard. Far away, voices take up the tune, and gradually swell in volume as the singers draw near the stage entrance. In another moment Zion's white-robed choir marches into view and forms in groups at the rear of the stage. The black-robed elders of the church follow the choir and arrange themselves upon either side of the pulpit.

All is now ready for the entrance of the hero. The audience is alive with expectancy; the stage grouping is effective, and the center of the stage is vacant.

Then a short, stout man, with a big, bald head held loftily, and a great, white beard of patriarchal length, clad in a surplice, strides, with measured tread, to that cherished central spot. This is Dowie, Elijah the Restorer, "prophet, priest and ruler over men." It is all so well-timed and executed that you feel like applauding.

The hero is about to speak. You have had time to note the deep, broad chest and the shaggy masculinity of the man. In anticipation, the ear is attuned to a diapason of deep, rolling, swelling tones. It is like a shock from an electric battery to hear, instead, a high, shrill, piping voice that seems to pierce the tympanum, and which finds its way into every nook and corner of the great Auditorium. The accent is intensely English—and can it be? Ye gods! Elijah lisps!

But a still greater surprise is in store. The impressive processional, the effective tableau which succeeds it, the surpliced hero standing with uplifted arm in front of the pulpit—never behind it—indicate that a religious drama is about to be enacted. The illusion is quickly dispelled, for the perform-

ance which follows is only religious vaudeville.

Dowie seems to have borrowed something from the creed and service of every sect. He has some form of attraction for every one in his audience. He has orthodoxy for the orthodox; High Church ritualism for the Episcopalian; ceremonial for the Catholic; baptism by immersion for the Baptist; good, old-fashioned John Wesleyan exhortation for the Methodist; Mosaic customs for



Overseer Mrs. Jane Dowie.

In her official robes.

the Israelite; communism for the Mormon; religious therapeutics for the Christian Scientist, and a variety of bait for every type of reformer, religious and secular.

If he is not eloquent, he is always forceful. Denunciation is his forte. He denounces



Dowie's Zion Building.

The official residence of Dowie, in which are located the Dowie bank and the general offices of Dowie's corporation.

everything and everybody outside of Zion. There is method in his seeming madness, for in this way he draws a fire of criticism upon himself which permits him to pose before his people as a martyr. He is always the victim of "persecution." Thus he gains new strength not only for himself but for Zion, as well, for verily, "the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church."

Dowie's denunciation of the clergy of the "apostate" churches; the "sorcerers and poisoners," which are but other names for doctors; the "vipers of the press," and other enemies of Zion usually concludes with a verbal castigation of the audience in this form:

"If you will smoke, you stinkpots; if you will drink, you beerpots and whiskeypots and winepots, and all other kinds of disgusting alcoholic pots; if you will go to the theatres and listen to Mephistopheles, the devil, and Marguerite, the harlot, and Faust,

the doctor—a nasty combination; if you will devour the oyster, which is the scavenger of the sea, and the pig, which is the scavenger of the land, with which they are talking about cleaning the streets of Chicago (laughter)—I say, if you will do the Devil's work and eat the Devil's food, you can remain with the Methodists or the Baptists, or somewhere else. You have no place in Zion. We will not have people who live dirty lives. We propose to have clean people, and, thanks be to God! we are getting them clean. But there were some of you that needed plenty of scrubbing. You know I have scrubbed you properly, and I will keep at you still because you are not all clean."

Excluding people of worldly habits from Zion is as nothing, however, compared to the fate of those that are guilty of non-payment of tithes. The quotations are literal:

General Overseer: "Does America give the tithe to God?"

Audience: "No."

General Overseer: "Do the churches give the tithe to God?"

Audience: "No."

General Overseer: "Do you give the tithe to God? Rise, those who give the tithe to God." (Thousands arose.) "There is a pack of thieves here, sitting still all over this place, who do not give their tithes to God.



Zion College and House of Divine Healing.

I know now where the thieves are. What is going to be done with you? I will tell you. There is nothing for you but fire! FIRE! Is it not a mean thing for you to rob your brother?"

Audience: "Yes."

General Overseer: "Is it not a mean thing to rob your mother?"

Audience: "Yes."

General Overseer: "Is it not the meanest of all things to rob your God?"

Audience: "Yes."

General Overseer: "You do not think anything of it, some of you. You rob God all the time. Your name is Achan, and your doom is Death if you remain as you are."

should lead them. I will ask the members of this church if we ever had one vote in it?"

Voices: "No."

General Overseer: "Have I ruled you?"

Voices: "Yes."

General Overseer: "Do you like it so?"



Cottages at Zion City.

The third house from the left of the picture is Dowie's Zion City residence. His presence there is indicated by a flag flying from a staff beside the house.

To whom do these tithes belong? What becomes of them? Let Dowie answer:

General Overseer: "But if any one says here to-day that anything I have is taken out of his tithes he lies. Deep down in his throat and heart I push that lie. The tithes and offerings go right into the General Fund, and, as a matter of fact, I never see them. But I have my right to a share of them, have I not?"

Voices: "Yes."

General Overseer: "Yes, and I will take it when I want it. I want to talk to you, you mean thieves, you dissemblers, you liars, who pretend to be in Zion and do not give your tithes. What is going to become of you? You will be burned with Fire. Get out of Zion!"

Delinquent taxpayers in a municipality sometimes escape the taxgatherer, but for the delinquent tithepayer in Zion, there is no escape now or hereafter. There are few delinquents in Zion, however, for few dare brave the righteous wrath of Elijah. He rules them, and they like it so, as may be seen by the following incident at an Auditorium meeting. Elijah is denouncing the method of choosing rulers by vote:

General Overseer: "This church voting is all nonsense, I should just as soon ask a flock of sheep to vote where the shepherd

Voices: "Yes."

General Overseer: "Do you want a change?"

Voices: "No."

Dowie's autocracy extends over the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs of his people, and under his rule the material growth of Zion has been even more phenomenal than its spiritual growth.

When the "Christian Catholic Church in Zion" was organized its tangible assets were practically nothing. To-day they are conservatively estimated at seven millions of dollars in real and personal property. Along the lake front, on Michigan Avenue, the fashionable thoroughfare of the South Side, are the principal Zion buildings. In one of them, which was once a big office building, are located the general offices of Dowie's various companies, the Zion bank, and the private apartments of the Dowie family. The remaining rooms are used for hotel purposes and are occupied by Zion converts. One block distant is the Zion publishing house, where Dowie's weekly periodicals, "Leaves of Healing" and "Zion Banner," are published, together with books of sermons, tracts and other propagandist literature. Across the street from the publishing house is the "Zion College and Home of Divine Healing," including a Juvenile School,

Home for Working Girls and Refuge for fallen women. These, with ten tabernacle buildings in various parts of the city, comprise Dowie's realty holdings in Chicago, but they represent only a fraction of his wealth and convey but an inadequate idea of the magnitude of his scheme. They merely mark the steps of progress toward the supreme material achievement of Dowieism—Zion City—the fruition of Dowie's fondest hopes and the realization of his life-time dream.

The site of Zion City is a tract of land in Lake County, Illinois, forty-two miles north of Chicago—midway between Chicago and Milwaukee—containing 6,400 acres fronting on Lake Michigan and traversed by two railroads. A little more than a year ago it was practically vacant land, put to occasional uses by the farmer owners. To-day it is the scene of building operations outrivaling a newly-founded county seat in Kansas.

The methods by which Dowie purchased this immense tract without any knowledge of his operations on the part of the public would do credit to the shrewdest real-estate dealer in Chicago. To perfect his plan for a city in which neither liquor nor tobacco should be sold, and no part of which should be tenanted by any one outside of Zion, it was necessary for him to have every single acre in the section. To protect himself against exorbitant demands and the prejudice against Zionism, it was necessary that none of the owners should know the purpose of the purchaser. Dowie's resourceful brain devised a plan by which he obtained the land without the knowledge of any one except himself, his trusted deacons and a real-estate man who acted as purchasing agent. The contract with the purchasing agent was to be void unless he obtained options upon every acre, and the per cent. of his commissions increased as the price of the land decreased. In other words, the less he paid the more he got. The plan worked to perfection, and Dowie secured the land at an average value of \$200 per acre.

When the land had been consecrated to the uses of Zion, Dowie began to sell leaseholds. Excursion trains carried thousands of the faithful to their future home. Leases running for 1,100 years, imposing conditions in harmony with the Zion faith, were disposed of at prices that will net about \$15,000,000 on the original investment. Within a few months the scene at Zion City resembled the erection of a boom town in Oklahoma, and within a year the city had a

population of four or five thousand people. While the faithful were building substantial cottages or more pretentious residences, Dowie erected a temporary tabernacle, which holds six or seven thousand people, and planned a permanent Shiloh Tabernacle to hold thirty thousand; he also built an immense power house; a lace factory in which he has placed \$1,000,000 worth of machinery; a big general mercantile building, school houses, and a temporary private residence. The lace factory is to be the nucleus of a great textile manufacturing plant if Dowie's plans mature; to the schoolhouses he will add preparatory colleges and universities, and the temporary residence of the General Overseer will be replaced by a palace befitting a ruler of his state and love of pomp.

Dowie plans a great industrial, commercial, intellectual and spiritual capital which shall not only be self-sustaining, but rich in the accumulation of worldly goods, and from which he shall rule the world of Zion, which he plans to extend throughout every continent on the globe.

Zion City is incorporated under the laws of the state. Coincident with this action, the General Overseer called his elders and deacons together and organized a political party—the Theocratic party, which is to rule the political affairs of Zion, and gradually extend its sway over the earth. Although it may have no direct bearing upon the number of years that will elapse before the Theocratic party elects a President of the United States, it may truthfully be said that it is already a power in the politics of Lake County, and Dowie hints that the political leaders of the two old parties in Illinois are courting his favor. In no other city in the United States is the rule of a political boss so absolute as Dowie's political rule in Zion City.

But Dowie's will is absolute in all affairs of Zion, and the arrangement seems to be as satisfactory to his people as it is to himself. The unlimited extent to which they trust him is shown in all their relations, temporal and spiritual. Their money bought the property of which Zion is possessed, but the titles to all of it are vested solely in John Alexander Dowie. No Dowieite can apply to a court for a writ to compel Dowie to account for any funds in his possession, nor to restrain him from disposing of Zion's real and personal property as he may see fit. J. Pierpont Morgan can't beat that kind of financiering.



The Dowie Family Group.

Taken in Dowie's apartments, in the Zion Building. Mr. and Mrs. Dowie and their son and daughter.

Dowie has various companies and associations, including a land association, a lace-making association, a light, heat and power company, a lumber company, a general mercantile company, etc., in which he sells interest-bearing stocks. His people buy the stocks regardless of the fact that some of

the enterprises are not in operation or may never earn expenses. They deposit their money in the Zion bank, and draw interest paid out of deposits without questioning that system of banking. The only statement ever received of the bank's condition is Dowie's occasional announcement in a ser-

mon that the funds are increasing, which calls forth a vociferous chorus of "Thank God."

Zionites, denied medical treatment, die in Zion homes despite the prayers of the General Overseer, yet when Dowie asks those that have been divinely healed of disease through his prayers to arise, they all stand up.

He denies his followers the services of a physician, but calls one of that profession, which he unceasingly denounces, to the bedside of his daughter, who lay dying of frightful burns, and Zion finds excuses for him, blames the Devil for it all and remains steadfast in the faith.

The casual observer would attribute this idolatry of Dowie and slavish submission to his will, to blind, ignorant fanaticism, but that explanation is not adequate, for among his followers are men who have been successful in the learned professions, including law, theology, medicine and journalism. Their devotion to Dowie cannot be explained even by charging them with mercenary motives, for some of them have given up all their worldly possessions to follow him.

The only reasonable explanation is found in their belief that Dowie has actually healed them of disease, and the fact that he has made their lives happier.

It is easier to understand the blind, unquestioning faith of the less intelligent element among Dowie's followers, for notwithstanding all the ridiculous features of Dowieism and the absurdity of Dowie's pretensions, these people have received substantial benefits. Dowie has taken the dirty and made them clean; he has made sober men out of drunkards; he has made industrious men out of idlers and tramps; he has made producers out of men who had never before earned a living; he has made honest men out of dishonest ones; he has taken shiftless and thriftless men and compelled them to pay their debts—no man can remain in Zion and fail to pay his debts promptly; he has taken the despondent and given them

cheerful ideas; and, generally speaking, he has taken a class of people who have had a hard struggle to exist, helped them to earn a living and something more, and charged them a commission of ten per cent. of their earnings.

Out of bushels of chaff Dowie has winnowed some grains of wheat, and therein is the sustenance that keeps Dowieism alive.

It has been a work requiring tremendous energy, a resourceful brain and a magnetic personality. Dowie has all three. Although he is nearly sixty years of age, he displays the energy and industry of a man of thirty.

He loves pomp and power, and his rapid accumulation of

wealth permits him to gratify his most inordinate vanity. His family occupies spacious apartments furnished as richly as the chambers of a king; his wife is gowned in queenly style; his horses are thoroughbreds; his carriage with white doves on the panels, is luxurious; his coachman and footman wear rich liveries; he travels in a special train attended by a retinue of elders, deacons and valets.

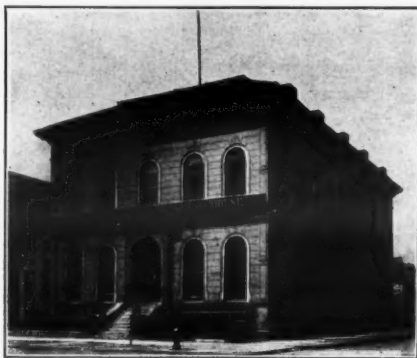
"The Pope of Rome lives in luxury; why should not I?" he thunders, interrogatively, and Zion replies, "Amen."

Dowie understands the commoner types of human nature; he knows the common instinct to worship pomp and power and wealth, and he turns it to personal account.

He knows how to play upon the emotions, and with rude eloquence he moves his people to wrath and melts them to tears. He takes advantage of the veneration that the unlettered have for learning, and mystifies his hearers with Greek roots and derivations when translating a Scriptural passage to suit his own interpretation.

At times he mingles with his people—tents with them, in fact, like the patriarchs of old, protecting himself against disillusionment on their part by his endless versatility, and strengthening their allegiance by acts of royal condescension.

At other times, particularly in the sum-



Photo, Lawrence, Chicago.

Zion Printing and Publishing House.

mer months, he withdraws himself from his people on week days and retires to his own resort at White Lake, Michigan, near the town of Montague. This beautiful lake he has christened Loch MacDhui, but it is more often referred to by him as "our Little Galilee." From the palatial cottage which overlooks it he sends out messages to Zion through the editorial columns of his papers. Occasionally he enlightens his readers with a personal paragraph like this:

"More and more we realize the Divine Wisdom of our Lord and Master in withdrawing himself from the multitudes for a little. We especially enjoy our periods of quiet communion with God in prayer and in meditation upon God's word. Day by day the Manna falls."

There has been nothing like this since Brigham Young's wonderful sway over Mormonism.

How long will it last and what is the future of Dowieism?

According to the prophecies of Elijah (the Third), it is built for all time. Dowie admits that he is going to die, in witness whereof he has made a will which provides for a line of succession in the leadership of Zion.

Whether this succession shall be by blood heredity or otherwise none others than himself and his attorney may say, for they alone know the plan. Many believe, however, that the mantle of Elijah will first fall upon the shoulders of his wife, Overseer Jane Dowie, to whom Dowie gives credit for a large measure of the success of the enterprise, and who ranks only one degree below her husband in authority over Zion.

Others predict that the first heir to the mantle will be William Gladstone Dowie, a son of the prophet, a man now twenty-five years of age, who is completing his education in an Eastern university, and the only surviving child of the Dowie family.

There are other Overseers in Zion beside Dowie and his wife, and they are credited with great executive ability and powerful ambitions.

All of which forms a basis for the prediction of the Pharisees that Dowieism will fall when Dowie falls; that internal strife and dissensions will wreck it from turret to foundation stone when its leader passes away, and that it will be remembered only as the shadowy structure of one man's dream of power.

LOVE'S PASSING

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

An idle vagabond went by
My open door to-day;
A snatch of song was on his lips,
A little song and gay;
The morning sun danced on his path
As one who points the way.

I stayed my wheel, I broke my thread,
Far out I leaned to see;
His eyes were blue as far blue sky
And light his step and free,
And like the passing of swift wings
His song came back to me.

He vanished down the winding road—
I would not have him stay,
Yet still I have no will to spin,
And dull the room and gray—
An idle vagabond went by
My open door to-day.

SONNET

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

We stand upon a narrow strip of years,
Time's boundless ocean laving either shore;
One pale expanse behind us, and before,
Another sea its vasty bulk uprears;
Out of the submerged centuries doth come
No hint or whisper of the veiled plan,
Still o'er the desert winds the caravan
To read the riddle, but the sphinx is dumb.
Man's soul, a restless captive clad in clay,
Sees not beyond the walls of Night and Day;
The wrecks of creeds and dogmas strew the past,
And prophecy is but an idle breath,
To know, we must adventure at the last,
'Neath the grim guidance of the pilot, Death.

MEXICO'S ISTHMIAN RAILROAD

By HENRY ELIOT

ABOUT a year ago Sir Weetman Dickinson Pearson, who, without exaggeration, may be called the greatest living contractor, was standing on the sea wall at Vera Cruz, the work of his own engineering skill, while a norther was raging outside in the waters of the Gulf. It was one of those storms that work up a sea in which no vessel can live. So great was the force of the wind that a sturdy man could scarcely fight his way against it, and clouds of spray leaped in the air as the combers broke against the breakwater. Formerly when portents of such a storm were hung out in the sky no ship remained in the roadstead at Vera Cruz, but immediately put out to take its chances with the gale in deep water. Many were the wrecks that strewed the low sands of that coast in such sinister weather. But on this particular day a fleet of merchantmen rode at anchor inside the breakwater, their masters indifferent to the unceasing roar of the tempest.

"This is one of the proudest moments of

my life," said Sir Weetman Pearson, straining his sight seaward and holding his cap on by main force.

"Why?" he was asked by one of his companions, to draw him out.

"Because I see before me the triumphant completion of five years of anxious work. It is a great piece of luck that I should find myself at Vera Cruz when such a storm is turning the Gulf upside down and putting my breakwater to a severe test. Vera Cruz now has a harbor in which her commerce will be safe."

The contract which the Englishman had carried to a successful conclusion cost the government £6,000,000.

"Vera Cruz," says Mr. A. H. Keane, writing before the breakwater was built, "has held its position as the chief Mexican emporium on the Atlantic side ever since the occupation of the adjacent island of San Juan de Uloa by the Spanish navigator, Grijalva, in 1518. Beyond the shelter afforded by this and the opposite island, De

los Sacrificios, there is no harbor at all, nor can any vessels enter the port during the prevalence of the nortes, which blow at intervals from October to March."

In spite of the risk of shipwreck, 600 vessels entered and cleared annually. The risk has now been eliminated by Sir Weetman Pearson's harbor improvements, and as medical science can make Vera Cruz as healthy as Havana, it should have a great future as a port. Until recently its most useful sanitary agents were the zopilotes, or buzzards. Flocks of these "black-wings" flapped about the streets, charging the city nothing for their services. A fine of twenty shillings was imposed, however, for killing one of them.

In a speech which President Diaz made at Vera Cruz on March 9th of this year, he congratulated his hearers—and some of the most eminent men in the republic were present—upon the progress which was being made on port improvements of vital concern to Mexico. Those at Vera Cruz, said he, were finished. Tampico would soon have a fine harbor, and at Salina Cruz and Coatzacoalcos work was well advanced. The two ports last named are the termini of the Tehuantepec Railroad, of which the *Mexican Herald* said, in a recent issue:

"Sir Weetman Pearson's prediction that the National Tehuantepec Railway will knock the isthmian canal project of Uncle Sam 'into a cocked hat' has startled the American press, and the papers up north are beginning to realize that Mexico has been quietly carrying forward a great public work which is to give the world a very short cut between Europe and the Atlantic coast of the United States and Asia and the west coast of South America. Captain Eads died dreaming of his plan for a ship railway across the Tehuantepec isthmus, but although distinguished engineers asserted that it was practicable, we may venture to guess that Sir Weetman Pearson, a sound and practical man of great achievements, would not agree with them. He will next year open a road that is certain to have an important influence on the trade between the countries bordering on the Atlantic and Pacific, and he promises freight rates that will be cheaper than any the Panama or Nicaragua canal would be able to offer, while the saving of time will be a consideration of great moment in these busy and hurrying days."

Sir Weetman Pearson has the contract for restoring the Tehuantepec Railroad, straight-

ening the tracks, cutting out curves where possible, rebuilding stations and constructing harbors at Coatzacoalcos on the Atlantic coast and Salina Cruz, on the Pacific. Without good ports at the termini the Tehuantepec could never have been a paying investment. With deep and secure harbors, there will be another story to tell. It may be doubted whether Sir Weetman Pearson believes that this enterprise so dear to the heart of President Diaz will knock the isthmian canal into a "cocked hat," but he is sanguine that it will reduce the receipts of the canal materially and prove a formidable competitor in Gulf-to-ocean traffic of the Southern Pacific. Besides, the Panama canal is not built yet, and long before its completion, the Tehuantepec Railroad will have reaped a golden harvest and be established as an indispensable short cut to the Orient. Don Matias Romero, for many years Mexican Minister to the United States, was once a believer in the Eads scheme to build a ship canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which engineers generally regard as impracticable. "I believe," wrote Señor Romero, in 1894, "that while Nicaragua would offer more facilities for a canal than Tehuantepec, it would be easier to construct across the latter isthmus a ship railway, and that the opening of both routes, far from conflicting with each other, would be favorable to the commerce of the world as furnishing two different ways, each with its special advantages, for crossing the American continent."

It is a far cry from "stout Cortez" to Porfirio Diaz, the man of Indian blood, but it is a curious fact that the discoverer and the pacificator were both tremendously interested in turning the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to account as a short cut to the Orient. In 1518 Cortez landed at Vera Cruz, or the Indian village, which the Spaniards renamed the New City of the True Cross. Finding the harbor dangerous, he made an inspection of the coast further south and selected the mouth of the little river known as the Coatzacoalcos as a better place to anchor. Here a fort was built, and a year later a colony settled, with Velasquez de Leon in charge. Cortez recommended to Charles V. that a wagon road be built across the Isthmus for the carriage of goods between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Grants of land were made to Cortez for the purpose, very much as in the middle of the nineteenth century the Union Pacific Railroad Company received the title to many square miles of land as an incentive to build a transcontinental line.

Cortez selected a tract of land along the Coatzacoalcos River (navigable for seventy miles), extending toward the inland towns of Oaxaca and Tehuantepec. It must be borne in mind that the Isthmus in those days had its Indian towns, which were larger than those that the same names to-day. Porfirio Diaz, by the way, is a native of Oaxaca. Like all the Spanish adventurers, Cortez believed that a country where people displayed trinkets of gold must teem with the precious metal, and he sought for it in his new purchase diligently. There was not much gold on the Isthmus, however—its products are almost purely agricultural. As proposed by Cortez, a road for wagons was made across the Isthmus by the Spaniards. In 1849 the Argonauts from the eastern United States were carried over this road in coaches that ran from Minatitlan to Salina Cruz, the latter now the western terminus of the Tehuantepec Railroad. It may be supposed that the highway of the Spaniards in the earlier day was a rough stretch of road-building, yet they made careful surveys. An accurate map of the Coatzacoalcos River drawn in 1610 was published in the bulletin of the Geographical Society of Madrid for June, 1882. When Mexico gained her independence in 1823 one of the first proposals laid before the new government was to improve the route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Legislative action was taken on October 4, 1824, but for many years the country was torn by wars against the domination of the church, and public improvements had to wait. On March 1, 1842, Don José de Garay received a charter from Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, then dictator of Mexico, to open the Isthmus to commerce by dredging the Coatzacoalcos River and building from the head of navigation a broad road to Salina Cruz on the Pacific. Garay did nothing with his charter, and it lapsed on June 30, 1845. There is then an interval of thirty-three years, during which nothing was done to develop the Isthmus as a "bridge of the world's commerce," for so Humboldt called it. But civil war was the order of the day. Porfirio Diaz became benevolent dictator in 1876, and his thoughts turned at once to the plan he had formed, while governor of the Oaxaca district in 1858-59, of constructing a railroad across the Isthmus. A contract was signed on January 19, 1878, at the City of Mexico, between the Secretary of Public Works and Hayden H. Hall, representing Edward Learned, of New York, for the construction of an inter-oceanic railroad

in three years and four months. The government was to pay the contractor a subsidy of \$7,500 for each kilometer completed. Thirty-five kilometers were built before the grant expired. The claims of a Panama railroad were being pressed at the time, from a mistaken notion of its superiority as a trade route, and in the Tehuantepec Isthmus declined. It was found impossible to raise money to complete the railroad. But the faith of Diaz was as strong as ever. In May, 1882, the Congress of Mexico authorized the executive to make the construction of an isthmian railroad a national enterprise. A contract was signed on October 5th of that year with Don Delpin Sanchez, who built seventy-four kilometers and lost his charter on April 25, 1888. Edward MacMurdo, of London, took the work on October 5, 1888. He was to complete the railroad in two years and a half, and furnish the rolling stock, for which he received \$13,500,000 in bonds. In an account of the cost to the Mexican government of constructing the isthmian road Señor Romero wrote: "This contract was rescinded January 13, 1892, when the contractor, in settlement of accounts, surrendered to the government the sum of about \$2,000,000 as surplus proceeding from the sale of the said bonds, and delivered, more or less, 250 kilometers of the line as built or repaired within the stipulations of the said contract." A new charter was granted December 6, 1893, to Chondos S. Stanhope, of England, and J. H. Hampson and E. L. Corthell, of the United States, who were to finish the railroad in fifteen months. The total cost to the government was \$19,181,173.72. But not until 1895 was the road opened to traffic. Meanwhile, in 1881, James B. Eads, the American engineer, had made a contract with the Mexican government to build a ship railroad across the Isthmus. His charter was extended on May 2, 1885, but, as it proved, the scheme was not feasible.

At last the Mexican government had realized the dream of its rulers. The Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which has a width of 130 miles, was "bridged" by a railroad rising nowhere more than 854 feet above the sea, and the traffic of the world between the Atlantic and the Pacific, between Europe and the Orient, and between the eastern and western United States, was solicited. But the traders did not respond, or at least not in sufficient numbers to pay the charges on the new railroad. There were no harbors at the termini, Coatzacoalcos and Salina Cruz,

of vessels of light draft. Moreover, no secure anchorage. Storms blow up and drive a ship ashore, and a tropical storm is not a thing that a merchant can contemplate with equanimity. In course of time the road deteriorated, and it became a bad asset to the Mexican government. Nothing could resuscitate it but the construction of deep-water harbors, extensive breakwaters, and docks for shipping, extensive enough to prove for a great interoceanic trade. Sir Weetman Pearson, whose firm had made the harbor improvements at Vera Cruz, and whose genius and responsibility had won the confidence of President Diaz, was the man for this new enterprise.

I have called Sir Weetman Pearson the greatest living contractor. The enterprises which he has completed, and with which he is at present connected, justify the term. Besides the splendid harbor works at Vera Cruz, the drainage canal at the City of Mexico, a work of inestimable value to the health of the capital, must be credited to him. At Vera Cruz his work is not all done, for he is furnishing the city with a drainage and water system. In England his firm built the Blackwell tunnel, under the Thames, and is now constructing the Admiralty harbor at Dover, the Seaham harbor and dock, the Bristol and South Wales Direct Railway, and the Great Northern and City Railway. In Malta it is building the Admiralty docks; and it has the contract for new reservoirs for the East India waterworks. Sir Weetman Pearson's father and grandfather were contractors before him. Sir Weetman is forty-six years old, and he answers to Sydney Smith's description of Daniel Webster, "a steam engine in breeches." He has to carry thousands of details relating to his great business in his head and to be constantly traveling from point to point to see for himself what is being done, to issue instructions to his staff of agents and representatives and to consult with financiers and public men. He began work in his father's office at the age of sixteen and expects to be in harness until he dies. He is a man of tireless energy and indomitable perseverance, and has few equals as an organizer. He may justly be called a born leader of men in the industrial army. The fact that President Diaz admires him and trusts him completely is eloquent testimony to his great abilities.

The contracts which the Mexican government has made with Sir Weetman Pearson for the restoration of the Tehuantepec Rail-

road and the creation of deep-water harbors at the termini, Coatzacoalcas and Salina Cruz, make him a partner in the operation of the railroad for fifty years. The government is to bear the entire expense of the harbor improvements, a first estimate of which is \$15,000,000. Sir Weetman is to put the railroad in thorough repair and convert it into a standard trans-continental road, remodel the stations, and supply sufficient rolling stock. Owing to its winding course, its length is 192 miles. While the Isthmus, low in most places, rises to an elevation of 3,000 feet on the Pacific side, the railroad attains no greater height than 853.05 feet—this at Lagunas. At Coatzacoalcas it is 6.56 feet above the sea, at Jaltipan 131.24, at Santa Lucetia 98.43, at Ulero 82.02, at Chivila 800.55, at the town of Tehuantepec 108.12, and at Salina Cruz 6.56 feet. Fast express time will therefore be possible, and the new Tehuantepec Railroad cannot afford to be slow. Coatzacoalcas at the eastern end is attractively situated at the mouth of the river of that name which has a breadth of a quarter of a mile. The natural harbor is by no means bad, but there is a depth of only fifteen feet at the bar. Jetties nine hundred feet apart are now being constructed for the purpose of collecting the tide, the action of which will deepen the channel. Dredging is going on continually. The design is to have between thirty and forty feet in the channel. Quays two-thirds of a mile long are to be built on the river front. The site of Salina Cruz on the Pacific is a bay so wide that during most of the year the sun rises and sets in its waters. A background of cocoanut palms and other graceful trees of the tropics gives its red-tiled houses and thatched huts an inviting look from the Pacific. The harbor works on this side of the Isthmus are on an ambitious scale. When completed the main features will be a breakwater three-quarters of a mile long, built of concrete blocks forty tons in weight, and docks fifty acres in extent, and so planned that additions can be made to accommodate the world's shipping. At low tide the depth along these docks is to be thirty feet. No steamers will be too large to enter the harbor and take on and discharge cargoes. There will be accommodations for no less than a million tons of shipping annually. At both Coatzacoalcas and Salina Cruz the Mexican government has bought tracts of land, and it designs to erect fine public buildings and create towns worthy of the interoceanic route. Modern

water systems will be put in, the streets will be paved and cleaned, and nothing is to be left undone to make the sanitary condition of these Mexican ports so excellent that quarantines will never be raised against them. Coatzacoalcas, a name hard to pronounce, is already known as the Port of Mexico. "The natural conditions for sailing vessels," wrote Minister Romero, "are much more favorable at Tehuantepec than at Panama. Navigators always avoid, if possible, the regions of calms on both sides of Panama." Señor Romero cites as his authorities Lieutenant Matthew F. Maury and Captain Bent, of the United States Navy. The northeastern trade winds constantly blowing from the Gulf of Mexico assure a salubrious climate on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. It has had its visitations of yellow fever, but they are becoming less frequent, and it will be to the interest of both the government and Sir Weetman Pearson, its partner in the interoceanic route, to see that the strictest sanitary regulations are enforced on the Isthmus. Compared with the country through which the Panama railroad runs, Tehuantepec is a healthful region and a paradise. Its productivity is as great and various as that of any region in Mexico. The culture of rubber thrives, and the natural supply is by no means exhausted; the tobacco is of fine quality; its coffee is excellent and a large crop is grown; oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, cocoanuts, and bananas are produced in plenty; and the soil is favorable to the cultivation of cacao, cotton, rice and the sugar cane. The yucca, or cassava plant, is a native of the country. "It has always formed a portion of the food of the ancient and present Mexicans," says Romero, "especially those living in Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, Chiapas, Tabasco and Yucatan. It has been estimated that the yield of an acre of yucca contains more nutritive matter than six times the same area of wheat." The Tehuantepec Railroad runs through the States of Vera Cruz and Oaxaca. Two crops of maize can be grown every year on the Isthmus, and the yield is often sixty thousand bushels to the acre. Not only are rosewood, ebony, mahogany and many species of dyewoods found in the forests of the Isthmus, but more than a hundred distinct kinds of medicinal plants. It is difficult even to refer to the wealth of tropical products in the Tehuantepec region without seeming to exaggerate.

As the Isthmus is in the tropical zone, the heat in summer is constant, but refresh-

ing breezes blow in from the Gulf. The records of the National Meteorological Observatory show that the highest temperature at the town of Oaxaca in the summer of 1896 was 93.7 in the shade. This was in May. The highest winter temperature was 83.1, in February. The minimum temperature was 39.2, in January.

The partnership agreement between Sir Weetman Pearson and the Mexican government for the purpose of exploiting the Tehuantepec Railroad and the ports of Coatzacoalcas and Salina Cruz provides that the partnership shall go into effect July 1, 1903. The working capital is to be \$5,000,000. Each partner is to pay into the corporate fund the sum of \$500,000 on that date, and the balance, until the full sum has been contributed, shall be paid in "when and as it becomes necessary." To meet the expenses of government inspection, the company must pay \$10,000 in to the general treasury annually. The headquarters offices are to be in the city of Mexico. No consular invoices are to be required for merchandise transported over the railroad for reshipment. No goods unless destined for consumption in Mexico shall be subject to customhouse examination. It is agreed that the company shall have the right to organize a navigation company in connection with the railroad on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides. Mr. J. D. Whelpley, who visited the Isthmus last year and talked with President Diaz about railroad construction in the republic, says:

"It is not in the local development of the Isthmus, however, that will come the importance of the Tehuantepec Railroad. There is already talk of several direct lines of steamers from American and European ports to the eastern terminus of the Isthmus railroad, and there is no question that when Sir Weetman Pearson is sufficiently advanced with his contract he will possess enough influence to originate a new freight and passenger line which will be far superior to that of Panama, and will present tangible competition to the all-rail transcontinental haul for heavy freight in the United States."

Mr. Whelpley says that the passenger rate for first-class traffic is to be four cents Mexican silver a kilometer (three-fifths of a mile), and the third-class rate two cents. Eight cents per ton per kilometer is to be charged for first-class freight and the lowest charge for any freight three cents. "Mexican silver," he says, "is now worth about half as much as gold; therefore the rates on this road will be less than on any road on

the continent." A good deal of figuring has been done on the saving of distance in miles from American and English ports to San Francisco and the Orient by the Tehuantepec Isthmus over the Panama route, and some of the claims are extravagant. The following estimates, however, are accurate. They were made by the Hydrographic Office, Bureau of Navigation, United States Navy:

	Tehuantepec	Panama
New York to San Francisco..	4,925	6,107
New York to Honolulu.....	6,566	7,705
New York to Hongkong.....	11,597	12,645
New York to Yokohama.....	9,984	11,211
New York to Melbourne.....	11,068	11,471
Liverpool to San Francisco..	8,274	9,071
New Orleans to Acapulco....	1,454	3,296
New Orleans to Mazatlan....	2,027	3,983

These figures prove the vast superiority of the Tehuantepec as a railroad route for cargoes destined for Pacific ports and return cargoes for Atlantic and English ports. Hitherto the Panama Railroad has had a monopoly of isthmian freight traffic. In spite of inferior port facilities, its net earnings have been as high as \$900,000 a year, and the traffic steadily increases. The gain for shippers by the Tehuantepec route will be a double one—in money and time saved, and time is money. To compete with it effectually, the transcontinental lines in the United States would have to put their rates so low that the cheap ocean rates on the Atlantic and Pacific to Coatzacoalcos and Salina Cruz would be no object to shippers. Time here enters into the problem, but a few days saved is not essential in the case of a good deal of freight that is shipped between eastern and western ports. That the southern transcontinental railroads in the United States have a good deal to fear from the Tehuantepec route is proved by the efforts which American capitalists have made to get control of it. The late C. P. Huntington was one of them. But President Diaz, who is quite liberal with railroad concessions, has always insisted that the Tehuantepec must be a government road, now and always. The agreement with Sir Weetman Pearson stipulates that it shall be canceled if he makes a transfer of his interest. Fuel is a factor that may cause the partners in this interoceanic enterprise some concern for a while. There is plenty of wood on the Isthmus, but the cost of cutting and hauling it is high. Fortunately, in the district of Tlaxiaco, State of Oaxaca, a rich coal

vein has been discovered, and in course of time, when the question of transportation is settled—a railroad is building to the mines from the town of Oaxaca—the Tehuantepec will be able to get coal at a much lower rate than now prevails. In the late nineties the price of coal ranged from \$16 to \$22 in the City of Mexico. Coal has been discovered and is being worked at Salinas, in the State of Coahuila, and at Jiquilpan, State of Michoacan, and there is a carboniferous ledge in Sonora, thirty miles in length and averaging sixteen feet in width, producing a hard anthracite coal as good as the Welsh. It is estimated that this field, when it can be worked, will supply the Pacific coast of Mexico for many years to come. The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway will tap the Sonora deposit. The bed at Salinas is being worked by the International Railroad Company, which uses the product and sells it to the Southern Pacific, in the United States, and to the manufactories at Monterrey. The coal problem is a serious one in Mexico, but with the opening of new fields and the extension of railroads in every direction prices are on the decline. The cheapest source of supply for the Tehuantepec Railroad at present seems to be Alabama. There are reasonable expectations that petroleum can be found in paying quantities in Mexico. A law has been enacted to encourage prospecting. One of the sections reads as follows: "Permits to explore may be issued either to private parties or to companies, and shall be good for one. During that period no one but the person or company will be entitled to prospect in the territory."

The completion of the harbors at Coatzacoalcos and Salina Cruz cannot be predicted with certainty, owing to the magnitude of the work, especially on the Pacific side. The prediction of the *Mexican Herald*, quoted above, that the railroad will be open for interoceanic traffic next year is a wild guess, according to those familiar with the progress of the enterprise. The railroad may be in good running order as a standard gauge road, but it is a physical impossibility to have the harbor works entirely completed in 1903. In a report to the State Department early in the present year Consul-General Barlow said: "Work on the Tehuantepec National Railroad and upon the port works at Coatzacoalcos and Salina Cruz, which ports the railroad will connect, is progressing rapidly, and will be finished within the next two or three years. As an overland

trans-isthmian route, this railroad will be of immense importance to American shipping when completed." Consul-General Barlow also reports that the work on the Vera Cruz and Pacific Railroad from Cordoba, on the line of the Mexican (Vera Cruz) Railroad to San Juan Bautista, on the Tehuantepec Railroad, will be finished within two years. The Tehuantepec may also have a connection with the republic of Guatemala. A concession empowers the Pan-American Railway Company "to construct and exploit for a period of ninety-nine years a railway which, starting from San Geronimo, which is a station on the National Tehuantepec Railway, and passing through Tonalá, shall terminate at such point on the Guatemala border as the Department of Communications and Public Works shall consider most suitable."

This is a great era of railroad building in Mexico. President Diaz welcomes the promoter; the president has never agreed with those of his countrymen who thought it would be expedient to discriminate against American capital. He believes that Mexico can become powerful and independent only by the development of her resources, and that the best means to that end is to build railroads with foreign capital, attracted by judicious subsidies. "We shall become so strong in time," he says, "as to be beyond the reach of foreign states or individuals who might otherwise be tempted to meddle with us." General Diaz has been ready to give a subsidy to anybody applying for it who could produce credentials. In each grant, however, was a clause that if nothing were done by the concessionaire within a given time he should forfeit his charter. Up to June 30, 1896, the government had engaged to pay subsidies to the amount of \$107,743,660.25. It has never failed to meet these obligations, and they now form a large item in the national debt. In grants to subsidized railroads there is always a stipulation that at the end of ninety-nine

years the roadbed shall revert to the Mexican government.

Mexico stands first in railroad-building of the Latin-American countries. In a message to Congress, on April 1, 1897, President Diaz said that the total mileage was 7,429. Mexico City had not only been connected by three lines with the United States, but was in touch with the capitals of the states on the great central plateau. A line had been constructed from Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, to Nogales, Arizona, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. The first interoceanic railroad, the National Tehuantepec, had just been completed; Manzanillo, on the Pacific, had been joined to Colima, and the Mexico, Cuernavaca and Pacific Railway was pushing on through the State of Guerrero to the admirable Pacific harbor of Acapulco. A branch is now building to the port of Sihuatanajo. This Pacific road is opening up an immense region of virgin forest and the rich Balsas River mining district, which abounds in gold, silver, copper, lead and iron. Mr. Edgar K. Smoot, of Washington, has the contract for improving the harbor at Manzanillo, which calls for a breakwater 400 metres long, dredging to a depth of eight and one-half metres below mean tide, and the construction of wharves. The desire of the Mexican government to construct railroads to every place on the Pacific Ocean suitable for a port, or which can be converted into one, explains the interest of President Diaz in the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railroad, which by a traffic arrangement with the Chihuahua and Pacific, brought about by the intercession of the president himself, will traverse a rich cattle, timber, mineral and agricultural country, and reach the Gulf of California at Topolobampo, 1,500 miles from Kansas City. The importance of this Pacific outlet can be seen when it is added that the shortest railroad connection of Kansas City with San Francisco is 2,094 miles, with Portland is 2,048, and with Seattle is 2,078 miles.